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THE
ATLANTIC SOUVENIR

FOR

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PHILADELPHIA :

PUBLISHED BY CAREY AND LEA.

1832.^{82,}

Philadelphia :
Printed by James Kay, Jun. & Co.
4 Minor Street.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE publishers of the Atlantic Souvenir now offer to the public the seventh volume of that annual. They have, as heretofore, to express their sincere gratitude for the patronage which has been extended to it, and to make the only return in their power, an unabated effort to increase its claims to approbation, by increasing its excellence as a work of taste, literature and art.

To the contributors they return their sincere thanks. Want of space has unavoidably caused the delay of several articles selected for insertion, which are reserved for another year.

The frequent request for manuscripts, after long intervals, obliges them to ask the authors to retain copies and to state that they cannot undertake to return those sent to them.

Philadelphia, 1 October 1831.



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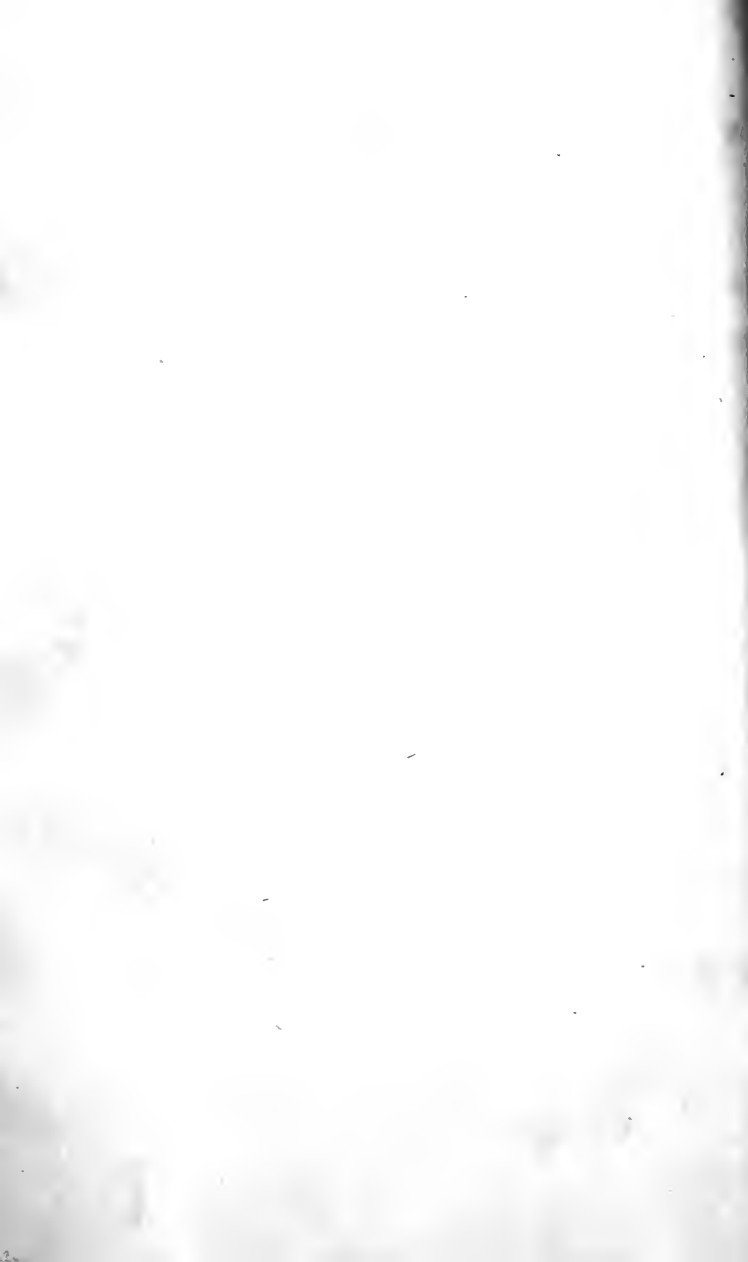
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THE
ATLANTIC SOUVENIR.

Entered according to the act of congress, in the year 1831, by
Carey and Lea, in the clerk's office of the district court of
the eastern district of Pennsylvania.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

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BERKELEY JAIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF HOPE LESLIE.

None are all evil.

BYRON.

THE circumstances of the following story, though they transpired within the last thirty years, are already nearly forgotten, or are only accurately remembered by those who are passing into the ranks of that shadowy existence—‘the oldest inhabitant,’ by whom they are transmitted in the prosing winter’s tale, to the thirsty ears of boys and girls. I have diligently collected the particulars, partly from the records of the judicial proceedings in Berkeley county, partly from tradition, and partly from memory—for the events formed an epoch in my quiet childhood, similar to that which might be made by an earthquake, an inundation, the eruption of a volcano, or any other interruption of the silent processes of nature.

B

Within a township which I shall take the liberty to call Shelburne, stood, and still stands, a little removed from the village, and on the brow of a hill kindly sloping to the south, a mansion, which thirty years since was occupied by Colonel Vassal, and for almost a century preceding was in the possession of his ancestors. The projecting upper story marks the period of its erection to have been when Shelburne was a frontier settlement, and the houses were thus constructed to facilitate their defence against the Indians. It has the marked physiognomy of the pilgrim architecture—the upright roof, dormant windows, and door posts carved with hollyhocks and full blown roses, all as perpendicular and rectangular as the unbending proprietor of a century since. Its little antique court yard, with its scragged peach trees half hidden by overgrown lilac bushes—its superannuated damask rose bushes and high box borders, are quite enough to throw a modern horticulturist into a fever, but they were the pride and delight of Colonel Vassal. Beyond this boundary, nature, then and now, though now somewhat more adorned, smiles around the mansion in free unspoiled beauty. Elms of magnificent growth, the sugar maple with its masses of dense foliage, and mountain ashes with their palmy clusters of bright scarlet berries, indi-

cate the taste and refinement of the early proprietors; and the bright little stream, which winds and sparkles through the meadows that repose at the foot of the hill, seems to send up, from its wooded and fragrant banks, the homage of nature, a spontaneous tribute to the senses of its legitimate lord.

Colonel Vassal was a gentleman of the old school, and would have continued so, if he had lived to the present day of 'don't care' and slipshod manners, for he had the essence of gentlemanliness in his spirit—delicacy, self-sacrifice, and an instinctive care of the feelings of every human being. He might have been a little overdoing and ennuyant in his courtesies, but the spirit went with the letter. The Colonel served in the French war, and the laurels he then won in the service of the mother country probably strengthened his ties to it, for his loyalty, though pure as gold, was not, when the revolutionary war broke out, found to be a transmutable metal, that could be fused into patriotism. To have opposed the current of what, in his honest judgment, the Colonel deemed rebellion, would at Shelburne have been madness, as well as folly. He therefore maintained a strict neutrality as to any overt acts, and gently floated down the troubled current of the times, now and then slightly molested by hot-headed partisans,

but generally protected by the sentiment which his strict honour, his kind-heartedness, gentleness, and generosity could not fail to inspire.

His estate, however, suffered the common deterioration of property at the time, and unfortunately he was not bred to any business, nor gifted with that art which, in the language of the country, makes the most of a shilling. His keen neighbours would have 'scorned to *take* the advantage' of the Colonel's uncalculating temper, but he was always sure to *give* it to them. Year after year his income was reduced and his capital abated, till, as was happily said by my friend in a similar case, 'nobody could guess how his family was clothed and fed, but by supposing that the habit of eating, drinking, and wearing clothes was, like all other habits, when once fixed, not to be shaken off.' This original solution of a common mystery did not entirely explain the enigma of the Colonel's subsistence in his accustomed style. He had an old family servant who bore the nursery appellation of Mammy, and who was fully as devoted to the Colonel, in affection and effort, as Caleb, that prince and flower of servingmen, was to the master of Ravenswood, and far more ingenious in the arts of saving and twisting and twining, than any thing of mankind ever was or ever will be. The wants of Colonel

Vassal's household were few; its numbers, alas! were reduced. Death had removed his wife, and child after child, till only one remained, Fanny Vassal, the last hope—the sweet and sufficient solace of her father. She was

‘The gentle and the beautiful—
The child of grace and genius.’

There was a thriving young attorney in Shelburne by the name of Levi Carter. He might have sat for the admirable picture of Gilbert Glossin, Esq. If he never committed equal atrocities, it was because a kind Providence saved him from equal temptation and convenient opportunity. He belonged to the large and detestable class of *number one* people, who think, hope, desire, plan and act only for themselves, and who are alone restrained, in the promotion of their interests, by the coarse fear of the law of the land. This man ‘fell in love’—we use the current, much abused phrase—with Fanny Vassal. His wooing of course was the subject of village gossip, and the popular opinion went in favour of his success. A remarkable expression of dissent from this opinion from one Sam Whistler, an Indian game seller, was reported to Carter—“Miss Fanny marry Levi Carter!

when ye see the innocent lamb seek the company of the fox, and the pretty dove mate with the hawk, then ye'll see Miss Fanny the wife of Levi Carter!" This speech happened to be repeated on the very morning after Carter received a decided negative from Miss Vassal, and a positive refusal from the Colonel, who was never positive before, to interpose his influence. As there is neither proportion nor distinctness in minds where there is no principle of truth or justice, Carter blended the miserable author of this petty offence, with the more dignified objects of his mean and malignant resentment. It was the first link in a chain that led to fatal consequences. Carter's pretensions had passed and were forgotten by every one but himself, when the curiosity of the villagers of Shelburne was more powerfully exercised by the arrival of a nephew of Colonel Vassal, a captain in the corps of royal engineers, who was stationed somewhere in the wilds of Canada, and who, having obtained leave of absence for a winter to travel in the States, had come to Shelburne to pay his uncle a visit. It was no wonder to those who had seen, known and loved Fanny Vassal, that her cousin, having seen her, should grow indifferent about seeing any thing else in all our United States; nor was it a

marvel that after knowing the frank, warm-hearted and accomplished young soldier, she, like the gentle Miranda, should have

‘No ambition to see a goodlier man.’

Before the winter was over, with more love than prudence, they were united.

As Fanny could not or would not leave her father, it had been settled that Captain Vassal should return to Canada early in the spring, dispose of his commission, and come back to seek his fortune in the United States. He went, and, in attempting to cross one of the Canadian rivers on the ice, he was drowned. Poor Fanny! her heart was too tender, and her love too concentrated to endure the shock. In a few months she was borne to the village churchyard: but her memory lived; it lived in the increased kindness of the Colonel's friends; in the patient grief written on his monumental face; in an infant boy, the memorial of her sufferings, and the heir of his mother's wealth—the love of all that loved her.

As the infant expanded into boyhood, no eye but his grandfather's and *mammy's* could discern in him any resemblance to the blond beauty of his mother. His high bold forehead, black curling hair, bright restless eye lit with the fires of his ardent spirit, unfolded the dawn of a mind that promised a bright

futurity. He had nothing of the quiet acquiescent temperament of his old relative, but he had strong affections, and they were developed by his intercourse with him. He often put his little hands to the task of aiding his grandfather in cherishing a rose bush that had been planted by his mother. Every thing else in the court yard grew in wild luxuriance, or died unheeded. This was pruned and watered and trained, as if instinct with her sweet spirit. His mother's guitar hung beside the fireplace, and Charles would watch the old man as he leaned his head against it and his white locks fell over its broken strings, and silently creep into his lap and lay his head on his bosom, and thus express the deep and almost mystical sympathy that united them, and which made him feel (to borrow the expression of the beautiful deaf mute, whose life has recently fallen a sacrifice to her filial tenderness) as if his heart *grew close* to his parent's.

Time passed on, and has brought us, somewhat slowly, to Charles's fourteenth year, and the incidents of the boy's life which may indicate subsequent greatness. The same principle that stirs a feather impels a planet.

I must remind my readers, before exposing my young hero to the chastisements of a woman's tongue,

that Mammy was of the privileged order of faithful old servants; that she had to strain every nerve to maintain a decent appearance; and that she was often at her wit's end, to keep the wheels of her little empire in motion.

It was Monday afternoon, and she had just put the last flourish on her well scoured and sanded kitchen floor, when Charles entered, with a string of game in one hand and a gun in the other, his shoes and pantaloons bearing ample tokens of his having been

‘Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar.’

He was followed by a lean, hungry dog, who, by keeping close to the heels of his principal and dropping his head and tail, indicated that he was aware of the fearful presence into which he had ventured. Mammy's tongue always sounded as quick as an alarm bell: “What, under the canopy, Charles, does this mean?—stop, see how you are tracking the floor! your new pantaloons on too! Get out, you hound!” she continued, giving the expecting dog a blow with her broom-stick that sent him howling out of the house.

“Oh hush, Mammy,” replied Charles, in a depre-

cating voice, "Sam is on the steps: here, Biter, here!" the dog bounded in again. "Now, Mammy, don't scold, indeed I forgot to scrape my feet—there now," he added, rising on his tiptoes, leaning over the old woman's shoulder, and giving a hearty smack to her withered cheek—"there now, Mammy, we are friends again, are we not?"

An affectionate kiss is a panacea to old and young. The muscles of Mammy's face relaxed, and her voice softened, as she replied, "Yes, Charlie, friends; but do drive out that nasty dog!"

"Excuse me, Mammy, I can't; you must give him a bone, and draw a mug of cider for Sam."

"A bone, child—high! the last bone in the house is as clean as the fattened calf's; and a mug of cider for Sam, indeed! no, it is a shame and a sin to give cider to a drunken Indian."

"Oh, hush, Mammy, hush, for pity's sake. Look here—do you see these ducks?—elegant, are they not?"

"They *are* plump; they'll do the Colonel's heart good, poor old gentleman; he has had no more stomach for his victuals to-day than a teething baby."

"Then remember, Mammy, we could not have got them but for Sam; and these partridges—beauties, as fat as butter—and four of them."

“Did Sam kill them all?”

“No, indeed, I killed one; but the best of it all is, that as we were coming across the bridge we met Mr. Carter.”

“Did you? the black-hearted fellow!”

There was no neutral ground in Mammy's mind for Mr. Carter; he never passed it without a shot.

“Well, he stopped and told Sam he had met him just in time; that he had company at his house, and wanted his game. ‘Turn round, Sam,’ said he, ‘and carry it to my house, and I’ll give you a dollar for it, and a glass of brandy into the bargain.’”

“What a shame to tempt the poor *creater* with brandy,” interrupted Mammy, with a most virtuous nod. “Well, what did Sam say, Charlie?”

“He shook his head.”

“Did he?”

“Yes, indeed! ‘Why you rascal,’ says Mr. Carter, ‘you don’t expect to get more than a dollar? well, well, I must have it, so go along with it, and I’ll give you a dollar and a half.’”

“‘Squire,’ says Sam, looking up in his keen way, you know, Mammy—‘Squire, all the money you have in the world can’t buy my game.’”

“Good, good!” exclaimed Mammy.

“‘What do you mean, fellow?’ says Mr. Carter.

‘I mean, Squire, to give the game to your betters—it’s for the Colonel.’ ”

“Well said, Whistler!” exclaimed Mammy, and setting down her broom, on which she had hitherto rested, she brought forth a bit of cold lamb which she had husbanded for the Colonel’s supper, cut it from the bone, which she threw to Biter, called Sam into her kitchen, set him down to her freshly scoured table, and in spite of her high principles, that a moment before had been stern enough for the head of a ‘Temperance Society,’ she filled and twice refilled the mug with cider.

Sam, or Sam Whistler (for Sam, as well as Cicero, had his descriptive cognomen), was a full-blooded Indian, I believe of the Seneca tribe. How he came to be a lopped branch from the parent tree was not known; the only soil he loved or honoured was that in which it grew. Accident probably threw him in his childhood among the whites, and the chains with which habit binds, even the most lawless, kept him there. But though in the heart of a civilized community, he adopted none of its usages. His tall and finely moulded figure was habited in a half savage costume. His crownless and almost brimless hat was banded with the skin of a rattlesnake, and trophied with the plumage of his last game. His outer gar-

ment was a demi-coat, demi-blanket, fastened at the waist with a wampum belt, and his feet (when shod at all) were shod with a motley article compounded of moccason and shoe. His home was a hut far in the depths of a wood that supplied the town of Shelburne with fuel. This hut was the resort of all those outlaws and vagrants that hang on the skirts of a civilized society, as birds of prey hover over a cultivated land. Whistler honoured by observance the conjugal notions of his people, and, in the number and succession of his wives, his establishment rivalled the wigwam of a western chief. For the rest, he had the common vices so generously communicated by the whites to the vanishing race, in exchange for their broad lands and bright streams. He sustained his numerous consumers by hunting, fishing, basket and broom making, and such other little arts as did not, in his estimation, degrade him to the level of civilization. Towards the whites he had that sense of wrong that pervades his people,

‘And thought the voice of wrath a sacred call
To pay the injuries of some on all.’

The Colonel and his little household were among the few exceptions to this deep-seated and cherished sentiment. The Colonel was a magistrate, but he

had not one spark of the Brutus in his kindly nature, and, as his more astute neighbours thought, he had often been culpably remiss in suffering Whistler's petty offences to pass without judicial investigation. Whistler felt his obligation to the Colonel's long-suffering, and besides, he gratefully remembered that Miss Fanny, always generous and pitiful, had, during a rigorous winter, sent provisions and blankets to his *wives*, subjects far without the pale of the charities of the good matrons of Shelburne. Whistler never forgot this kindness, and he returned it in many a tribute from flood and field to the Colonel's table, and in instructing Charles, or, as he called him, his young 'Eagle of Delight,' in all the mysteries of fishing and woodcraft, so that before the boy was twelve years old, he knew the haunts of the game, and the lurking places of the trout, the shyest of the finny race, better than the oldest sportsman in the country.

Whistler's lasting and effective gratitude was one of the lights that relieved the dark shadows of his character. There was another—a feeling of innate and indestructible superiority, which at times imparted dignity to his expressions and loftiness to his bearing, when there seemed to come from his soul revelations of a noble origin and high destiny, and he forgot himself and almost made others forget his actual squalid condition.

Carter, by all legal shifts, by buying up notes and bonds and mortgages, acquired, at a cheap rate, a title to Colonel Vassal's landed property, and claims beyond to a considerable amount. On the day following his rencounter with Whistler, and, as was afterwards adjudged at all the tea-tables and lounging-places in Shelburne, impelled by the sting his pride then received—it is the last drop that makes the cup run over—he sent a deputy sheriff to Colonel Vassal's with a writ, commanding the officer in the usual form 'to attach the real and personal estate of the defendant, and for want thereof to take his body.' He probably expected that the Colonel would apply to his neighbours for bail, and he well knew they would not permit the venerable old man to suffer the indignity of being put within the limits of the county jail, which was eight miles distant from Shelburne. But the Colonel was now broken down by age and infirmities, the habit of his mind was passive submission, and he thought of nothing but literal compliance with the requisitions of the law. He seemed stunned and bewildered, but he betrayed no emotion. Once, indeed, he asked for Charles, and on being told that he was gone to the next village, he murmured, "Thank God—poor boy!" He seemed quite deaf to the cries and remonstrances of Mammy, who treated

the sheriff, who most unwillingly executed his office, as if he were a highway robber. There was a strange mixture of consciousness and inanity in the Colonel's preparations to accompany the sheriff. He took down poor Fanny's guitar, blew the dust away that had settled under the chords, and passed his trembling fingers over them. Alas! the resemblance of its unmeaning and discordant sounds to that nicer instrument which seemed suddenly to have been crushed, struck even Mammy's coarse perceptions. "It 's as shattered as his mind," she murmured. "Take it, Mammy," he said, "and put it in your chest," and turning to the sheriff he added with a faint smile, "I believe it would be of no use to Mr. Carter, it would not *sell*." He then combed down his thin gray hairs in his customary way before putting on his hat, and said, in his usual manner, "Farewell, Mammy; take care of my boy, and look after every thing, and mind and tell David to put Lightfoot in the chaise and come for me before dark." It was already nearly dark, and a cold October evening. David, an old family servant, had been dead many a year, and Lightfoot and the old chaise, long, long before, had passed into other hands, and Mammy, as she listened to these senseless orders, wept aloud. "Oh, it 's broke him all to pieces!"

she exclaimed: "it will kill him, I'm sure of it!" She was right. A predisposition to paralysis, combining with the effect of the shock and the unwonted exposure to the evening air, proved fatal, and before the next morning the good old man was released from his accumulated burden of age and grief. His body was brought back to his home, and the good people of Shelburne assembled, almost en masse, to testify their respect for his innocent life and sympathy for his sad death. Carter knew too well how to play his part, to be absent from this assembly, though when he met glances of detestation from many an eye, and his ear caught but half-suppressed curses from manly lips, he felt that there were sharper punishments than laws can inflict. Then, as now, in many New England villages, the office of bearer retained its original import, and was no sinecure. Hearses were an unknown luxury. The young and the vigorous preceded the coffin, and alternately bore it on their shoulders. The procession was formed, Mammy and Charles walking next the body. Their honest grief neither feared observation, nor thought of it. Charles forgot that it was not manly to cry, and Mammy forgot every thing, but that she was following to the grave the beloved old master in whose service her hair had grown gray.

Not far from them, and parallel to the line of procession, stalked along Sam Whistler, followed by his dog Biter. It was the first time he had ever been seen participating in any ceremony or usage of the villagers, and their feelings were touched by this extraordinary tribute to the Colonel's memory. It was evident that Whistler felt the awkwardness of his conspicuous and novel position; he sometimes bounded forward, in a sort of Indian half trot, to the head of the procession, then fell back to the rear, but for the most part he was near Charles, and it was manifest that the living divided with the dead the honour of his presence. The procession halted. The bearers were to be changed, and Carter advanced with others to assume his portion of the burden. He had just raised his hands to transfer the coffin to his shoulder, when Whistler sprang forward, pushed him aside, and placing his own shoulder under the coffin, muttered, "The murderer touch the murdered?—no ! no !"

Carter was compelled to submit to the indignity; altercation would only have rendered his dishonour more glaring, and he slunk back, angry and mortified, to his former station.

Death in this instance, as in others, did one of its appointed offices; it awakened active kindness for the

bereaved. A friend of Colonel Vassal, soon after his death, procured a midshipman's commission for Charles, and Mammy found a happy home, having in her own energies the abundant means of independence.

As may be supposed, Carter did not forget the humiliation he had endured on the day of the funeral. His mind was like bad liquor which has no purifying principle, and never works itself clear. He wreaked his resentment upon Sam by every species of legal annoyance, and it must be confessed that the poor outlaw afforded him opportunities for frequent inflictions, within the letter of the law. Sam, for the most part, nourished his resentment in silence, but once or twice he had been betrayed into saying, that "the Squire had best take care, or he would have the worst of it." Hostilities had been growing more serious for some weeks, and Carter, to whom Sam's threats had been reported, began to feel some forebodings of Indian revenge, that suggested to him the policy of driving him away. Accordingly he seized upon Sam's next offence as a pretext, and availing himself of some obsolete puritanical by-law, he sent a constable to Sam's forest-hut to warn him, as a public nuisance, to leave the town of Shelburne within twelve hours; in case of his failure to obey the man-

date, his hut was to be pulled down over his head, and burnt to the ground. It happened that when this mandate arrived, Whistler had just procured an unusual quantity of spirits for a vigil, which was to be kept on the occasion of the burial of an infant child. The grave was not far from the hut, and a panic just then pervading the country about the 'resurrection men,' Sam, with a guest, one Ira, a mulatto, had determined to secure the safety of the little defunct. As soon as the man of the law had performed his duty and departed, the women (always 'tim'rous beastie') counselled a temporary removal. Ira, too, who was a bird of passage that deemed a perch on one bough just as good as another, advocated the policy of a retreat. Whistler heard them through, and then, after taking a deep draught from his jug, said, "Ye may all go, like scared pigeons; I'll not budge a foot—'pull down my hut!'—what care I? Let them that live under broad roofs and sleep on soft beds fear. Carter, and all his race to back him, can't harm me. Let them strike down the poles that shelter us; there are more in the forest; and if there were not, do I fear to lay my head on the bare ground?—the earth is my mother. Do I fear the storms?—they are kinder than those that have driven my people beyond the great waters. No, no; ye may all go, but I will not move while one clod of

earth is here for my foot to stand upon. If the fire on my hearth-stone is put out, Carter shall repent it."

Whistler's resolution, as is often the case when a resolution is found to be immovable, was applauded. The women opened their steaming cauldron. The rude but savoury supper was served. The jug was freely passed. Whistler's thirst was made insatiate by his roused passions, and the next day when Carter's emissaries arrived on the spot, they found him lying across his child's grave, in a state of brutal intoxication. Ira was near him, not quite unconscious, though his brain was completely muddled. The women had prudently absconded with their children. The hut, then, according to the legal warrant, was rased to the ground, and fire set to the dry poles.

On the same day Carter went out, as usual, to take his afternoon walk. He stopped on a little eminence that overlooked the long tract of wood that skirted Shelburne on the eastern side, and in whose depths Whistler's hut had been sheltered. It was a cloudless, finely tempered summer's afternoon. The air was freighted with the fragrance of the coming evening. The shadows were stealing over hill and valley, leaving here and there bright patches of sunshine. The matrons were sitting at their doors in

their clean caps and calicoes, with their infant broods about them. The farmers were driving home their last creaking loads from their rich meadows. Little rustics were hieing to the village with their baskets of wild berries, and the happy boys were whistling home from pasture after their cows. But it was not this sweet picture of 'country contentments' that arrested Carter's eye, or touched his sordid spirit. He had paused on that eminence to gaze on the light blue smoke that rose from the ruins of poor Whistler's dwelling, and curled over the wood as if some instinct made it linger there. It was a feeling, as paltry as malignant, that made him exult in a triumph over such an enemy. Had he been at that moment inspired with one hour's prescience, how would his exultation have been changed to fear and dread and horror. In one hour his body was found on that spot a reeking corpse. A cap identified as Ira's, and Whistler's well known basket were found near him, and suspicion, or rather belief, immediately fixed on these persons as the perpetrators of the crime; and though there might have been some who, in their secret souls, thought Carter had not suffered very far beyond his deserts, yet murder excites a universal sentiment of horror and desire of retribution, and all united in a vigorous pursuit of the supposed offenders. They were found

together and both taken, and, before the close of the following day, were lodged in Berkeley county jail.

Ira appeared, like common criminals, eager for life, and anxious to obtain the best counsel. He denied in public, and to his lawyer in private, any participation in the murder of Carter. He denied also any knowledge of the means by which he came to his death. He did not intimate any suspicion of Whistler, but he asserted that they were separated during the afternoon of the murder, and he accounted plausibly for their being found together the next day. After some faltering he said, in explanation of his cap being found near the body, that it fitted Sam as well as it did himself, leaving it to be understood, without saying so, that the cap had been worn by Sam.

Whistler neither confessed nor denied the fact of the murder. When examined before the officers of justice he preserved a dogged silence, excepting repeated expressions of exulting, savage satisfaction in Carter's death. When asked to select counsel for his trial, he refused, saying, "He knew no right white people had to try him, and if they would do it, they might have it all their own way." Counsel was then assigned him by the court, and to the gentleman who undertook the hopeless task of defending him, he preserved the same obstinate silence and indifference.

The prisoners were confined in the same cell, and it was observed that Ira was sycophantic in his devotion to Whistler, while Whistler treated him with a kind of churlish contempt. Ira was like one under the influence of strong fear, watchful of every word and motion, strictly decorous and respectful; while Whistler showed no other feeling than that yawning, snarling weariness which a wild animal manifests when imprisoned in a cage.

Ira was first put on his trial. It was proved that Carter had come to his death by the single discharge of one gun, and Ira was acquitted. After the verdict was pronounced, he seemed mainly anxious not to be reconducted to Whistler's cell for a moment, and nervously fearful of again seeing him.

When this was reported to Whistler, he laughed scornfully, shook his head, and said, "Ira is half white."

When Whistler was put to the bar and asked the usual question, 'guilty or not guilty?' he rose, stretched out his arms and answered, "I'm glad he's killed; if that's being guilty, make the most on 't." No other answer could be obtained from him. The trial proceeded. The impression of his guilt was so fixed, that scarcely any testimony could have saved him, and there was none in his favour. All the cir-

cumstances of his long existing feud with Carter were remembered and related; his repeated threats of vengeance, and various other unfavourable particulars, which the ingenious reader will recollect. As if to remove the least shadow of doubt of his guilt, a prisoner, who had been in the same cell with Ira and Whistler, testified that he heard Sam say, in a low emphatic whisper, to Ira's wife (who had been permitted to visit her husband), 'I killed him.'

The jury, without leaving their box, gave their verdict of guilty. Some said the prisoner was asleep when it was pronounced. It was certain that his eyes were closed, and that there was not on his countenance the slightest indication of a sensation.

When asked by the court if he knew any reason why sentence of death should not be pronounced on him, he started, and asked fiercely, "What good would it do me if I did? No! no! I have but one thing to say—send for one of my own people to hang me; I want no white fingers to make a button of my neck."

All were shocked at the poor wretch's obduracy, but there were many persons of the neighbourhood who had known him a great while, and had kindly feelings towards him. Making allowance for the provocations he had received, for the habits of his life, and for the principle of revenge which

he considered virtue, they would have rejoiced in his pardon. One of these persons, a man respected through the country for his wisdom, as well as humanity, told Sam that he would head a petition to the governor for his life. "Thank ye, thank ye kindly," replied Whistler, for the first time softened; "but I don't wish it; they have carried matters so far now, I would not take a pardon from them." The project was therefore abandoned.

There was one individual that, like the Duke of Argyle's follower who prayed 'the Lord stand by our side *right or wrang*,' hoped from first to last that Whistler, guilty or not guilty, would get clear. This individual was our friend Mammy; but her feelings, as well as some important circumstances, will be best conveyed in her own simple language, in a letter addressed to Charles Vassal.

'To Mr. Charles Vassal, Midshipman on board the United States Ship ——.

'My dear Charlie:—These few lines, you will know, come from your old Mammy, though, owing to my failing sight, I cannot write so straight and sightly as formerly.

'I trust these will find you safe returned from the East or West Indies—which is it? I know they are different places, though I never can remember

which is which. I enjoy but poor health lately, partly owing to worrying about Whistler. I can't forget his trouble was 'casioned by his friendship for our family (Mammy always identified herself with the Vassal family), and it seems, Charles, it does, as if every thing that tried to prop up the old stricken tree was blasted. It is now two months since I wrote you about the trial, and his last day draws nigh, being one fortnight from next Friday. Poor Whistler! he has some bright spots in his heart—some places where you may say the sun breaks through the clouds: witness his often kindness to the Colonel, his love for you, Charlie, and his lifting the sods after your poor mother was buried, to lay a pair of moccasons on the coffin. It was an Indian notion, but did not it betoken a kind o' human feeling? Well, I have done what I could to make the time pass away for him, and if I have done wrong, the Lord forgive me. You well know, Charlie, I am an enemy to all spirituous liquor, and neither take it, nor willingly give it to others; but poor Whistler! Lord sakes it's Indian *natur*! It was so solitary for him, that was used to roaming the sweet wild woods, to be shut up in a stenchy cell! He needed the comfort and forgetfulness of it: and as to preparing for eternity, I'm sure I wish for it as much as the members can; but la me! he'll never

do that in a reg'lar way. He does not care one straw for all the minister says, but he has some soaring thoughts of his own—religious I don't dare to call them, though it does seem as if the Almighty had breathed them into his soul—where else could he get them, Charlie?—he an Indian—and the life he has led.'

Mammy's letter was here broken off, and the remainder bore the date of the following day.

'Since writing the above, dear Charlie, I had a chance to go to see Whistler, and thinking he might have some message to you, I left my letter till I came back—it was well I did! He was glad to see me, and soon asked the jailor to leave us alone together. I told him your ship was daily expected. You remember the low deep sound he makes when any thing touches his heart-spring; twice he repeated it, then patted Biter—they have let his dog stay with him—then he looked up in my face and said, in the softest voice I ever heard from him, 'I would die content if I could see him once more—if he would but come and stand by me at the last.'

'Ah!' said I, 'Charlie's stout-hearted, but so pitiful, I misdoubt he could not bear it.'

'Ogh!' said he, 'I am sure he can stand it, if I can live through it.' I smiled, and he said scornfully,

‘Do you think it’s the death struggle I speak of?—no, I fear not that; but to have my hands tied behind me, and to be stared and gaped at, like a caged bear, by troops of men, and women too—shame to them.’

‘And now, Charles, I have that to tell you that will make you both glad and sorrowful; and I would not tell it till the last, lest my hand should be too much shaken to write the above. Whistler said to me, ‘Do you think it would be a pleasure to the boy to believe I did not kill Carter?’ ‘Lord sakes, yes,’ says I, ‘indeed would it.’ Then he made me lift up my hand, as they do in court, and swear not to tell to any one but you what he should say. Then, Charlie, he laughed out and said, ‘I no more killed Carter than you did, Mammy.’ I cannot repeat his exact words, but it seems that after the hut was burnt, and Sam came a little to himself, Ira would have persuaded him to go off, but he would not move, and then Ira said he would take his gun and Sam’s basket, and shoot some game to sell in the village for liquor. Neither of their heads was yet clear from what they had taken. Well, as Ira was on his way to the village he met Carter; some high words passed between them; Carter struck Ira with his cane, and Ira mad, and his brain still muddy, instantly discharged his gun into the poor

creatur. 'I asked Sam, why he had not told this before.' 'Why should I?' said he: 'it was me that Carter wronged, not Ira; it was I that hated Carter, not Ira; it was I that shouted when I heard he was killed, not Ira. No, no, I was the murderer here,' he said, knocking on his breast, 'and if either must die for it, it should be me.' Now don't this remind you of St. Paul's words, 'the Gentiles having not a law are a law unto themselves?' I asked him if it were true that he had said, 'I killed him?' 'Yes,' he said, 'but who was it to, and what did it mean? Ira's wife came to our cell, and begged him to turn state's evidence against me. She made me mad, and I told her *I killed him*. She well knew what I meant, for she always called *Ira I*!'

'Now you see, dear Charles, how the whole matter stands, and I pray the Lord to speed my letter and to bring you here in due time for the awful day. Yours, till death.

'MAMMY—otherwise ZILPAH THRIFT.'

Mammy's prayers, seconded by a well appointed mail establishment, were effectual. Charles received her letter in due time, and using all diligence arrived at the shire-town of Berkeley county on the night preceding the day appointed for Whistler's execution. Mammy was already there, and, firm in the faith of

her favourite's arrival, she had engaged rooms for him and for herself in the tavern, which was an appendage to the jail, and, kept by the jailor, was already thronged by the country people, who had flocked in to be in readiness for the rare and favourite spectacle of a public execution.

How strong and sacred are the ties knit in childhood! They strained over Charles's heart as he threw his arms around Mammy, and hugged the faithful old creature to his bosom, with the fond feeling of his earliest years. His grandfather—the home of his childhood—all its pleasures, never to be repeated, rose to his recollection. Mammy suffered her rising feelings to overflow in words, and after wiping her eyes and clearing her voice, “Ha, Charlie, how you are grown?” she said; “taller than I!—and goodness me! handsomer than ever.” Then passing her hand over his midshipman's coat, “It beats the world—why you look like a reg'lar.” Then espying his dirk, “You don't wear this all the time?—a'nt you afraid you'll run it into somebody?—ha! how nat'ral that smile is!—Oh if the Colonel could have lived to see you!—Poor Whistler, Charles!”

The current of her emotions had now borne them both to the point of chief interest. Charles shut and locked the door, and a confidential conversation en-

sued, in the course of which he ascertained, in answer to one of his first and most anxious inquiries, that it was customary for one individual or more, to pass the last night in the cell of the condemned; and on applying soon after to the jailor, and stating his interest in the prisoner, he obtained permission to keep this sad vigil.

The jailor in due time conducted him to the cell, and having removed the bars and bolts, "Hush—hark," he whispered, "the minister is at prayer—Ah, he's come to!—this is the first time the hardened fellow has let any one pray with him." Charles eagerly peeped through the crevice of the door—a lamp was standing on the floor before the clergyman, who was engaged in loud and earnest intercessions, while the subject of the prayer, heedless or scornful, was pacing up and down the narrow cell whistling an Indian hunting air, and followed at every turn by Biter. "The castaway!" muttered the jailor. The clergyman finished, and Charles sprang forward, pronouncing the prisoner's name. Biter was instantly crouching at his feet and licking his hands. Whistler stood as if he were transfixed. He then tossed back the wiry locks that hung over his face, dashed off the gathering tears, suppressed his choking sobs, and, as if ashamed that nature had mastered and betrayed

him, he threw himself on his straw and buried his face in his blanket.

Such is the omnipotent power of that electric chain, which, proceeding from him 'who is love,' communicates a celestial spark to every spirit, however ignorant, however degraded. The Indian was obdurate and impassive, his heart was stone, while he looked only on those whom he hated, but it melted within him at the first sound of the voice, at the first glance of the eye he loved. For an instant the dreary cell, the jailor, the galling hand-cuffs—all forms and modes of punishment were forgotten; a blessed vision floated before him; he scented the fresh sweet woods; he trod on the soft ground; he heard the singing of the birds and the hunter's cry. But it was momentary. The calenture passed at the first sound of the clergyman's voice, who continued his ministrations by reading some appropriate passages of scripture, and concluded with a feeling exhortation. The jailor wept audibly. Charles covered his face, but Whistler gave no intimation that he listened. The clergyman at last rose to depart; he beckoned to Charles—"My young friend," he said, "you seem to have some influence over this hardened man, use it for the good of his soul, so soon to be called before the judgment seat; I leave my bible and psalm book with

you." Charles bowed; but, his conscience reproaching him with something like hypocrisy in this implied assent, he said, "I respect the offices of religion; you, sir, have done your duty, I shall endeavour to do mine."

The young midshipman's manner, more perhaps than his words, struck the clergyman as equivocal, but it was not till the following day that he was able clearly to interpret both.

Though the jailor, in his double capacity of inn-keeper and jailor, had enough to do on that memorable evening, he found time twice to revisit the prisoner's cell, much to our young friend's annoyance; but when, after midnight, he again appeared, Charles could not, or did not conceal his displeasure.

"It is too hard," he said, "that this poor fellow must have his last rest broken in this way."

"Soft and fair, young man, I must do my duty," replied the officer of justice, and he reconnoitred the cell, first surveying the prisoner, who stretched and yawned on his pallet, and looked up scowling, as if he had been unkindly waked. He then approached the grated window; Charles's heart throbbed as if it would have leaped from his bosom, and a tremulous motion of the blanket that covered the Indian might have been seen, but not a word, not a sound escaped

either. The jailor passed the light over the bars, he grasped one with his hand. Charles felt every drop of blood within him rush to his head, but it tingled again at his finger ends as the jailor said, half to himself, half to Charles, "All 's right, all 's right. When the house got still, I mistrusted I heard a strange noise, but I was mistaken; it 's pretty safe trusting people, be they ever so young and daring, where the blacksmith has done the carpenter's work."

"Thank you for your hints," retorted Charles proudly. "When may we expect the honour of another visit?"

"Betimes, betimes," was the only reply; and betimes he reappeared. It was an hour before the day dawned. Charles met him at the door. "Oh!" he said imploringly, "do not wake him now; be merciful, and give him one more hour."

The jailor said he did not "wish to be unmerciful, but that there was a great deal to be done, to get every thing in handsome order for the procession." But when he looked in and saw the prisoner apparently sleeping sweetly and profoundly, he added, "Well, well, poor fellow! I can be doing something else for one hour," and again he withdrew.

Punctual to the moment, in one hour precisely he returned—but to what an altered scene! The

prisoner was gone!—the severed bars lay on the floor, with files and other instruments that had been used to detach them, and our young conspirator stood in the centre of the cell, his arms folded, with an air of bold satisfaction at the success of his efforts, while his heart beat with the secret fear that those efforts must at last prove vain. The jailor stood for an instant riveted, then shouted an alarm, and seized Charles by the collar.

“Hands off!” cried Charles, repelling him. “I know my duty, and I will follow you; lock me up where you please, but do not touch me.” There was no time to be lost in parleying or contending. The jailor conveyed Charles to the nearest vacant apartment, which happened to overlook the street in front of the jail. Charles took his station at the grated window, and, breaking through a pane of glass, he remained there, all eye and ear, to get what intimations he might of the fugitive’s peril or reappréhension, which, calculating the little time he had in advance of his pursuers, Charles scarcely hoped could be avoided.

The jail, the whole village, rang with cries of alarm. Men and women came pouring out, half awake and half dressed. The high sheriff was among them, and he immediately directed the pur-

suit. "Let every house, every hiding place in the neighbourhood be searched," he cried, "he cannot yet have cleared the village." The jailor ran off with half a score of men; but, halting for a moment, he said, "Mr. Sheriff—there are hostlers sleeping in the barn; had they not best be called and sent off on horseback?" The sheriff immediately assented, by directing they should be waked and bidden to lead out their horses and take his orders.

They shortly appeared, and a little in advance of the rest, and leading a high-mettled horse, was a tall fellow, extremely thin, with gray pantaloons, boots, a gray cloth round-about buttoned tight to his throat, a check neckcloth, a mass of dark curling hair, bushy whiskers, and a cloth cap. At the first glance at this man, Charles exclaimed, "Heaven preserve us!" But who, that had not witnessed the putting on of the disguise, could have suspected that the person who so coolly led up the horse, and stood with such firmness even within the sheriff's grasp, was the very felon over whom the sentence of death, suspended by the slightest thread, still hung? "And there is Biter too!" half articulated Charles, as his eye fell on the dog, who in the joy of recovered freedom was running hither and yon, with his nose to the ground, shaking his ears, wagging his tail, and snuffing up the fresh

smell of the dewy earth. "Oh, Biter! why could not I make you stay with me? every body knows his dog. Good heaven, Whistler! why don't you turn your face from the sheriff?"

"Which way shall I go, sir," asked Whistler of the sheriff. "Ha," thought Charles, "I should not know his voice myself." "Go west, my good fellow," replied the sheriff; "you have the best horse, and Sam will be most like to take that direction. Give notice of his flight to the people on the road. Take a circuit, and come in by the north. You must all be in before night."

"Yes, sir," replied Whistler, and mounted his horse, but so unskilfully (for he was as ignorant of horsemanship as his brethren of the wild west) that Charles thought "every body must see the Indian now," when a new alarm reached him. Mammy appeared on the steps, and thinking, in her blind zeal, that she was delaying the pursuit, screamed at the top of her voice, "Stop that fellow, he is on my horse."

"Oh Mammy," murmured Charles, "you have ruined all." Whistler halted, faced about, and asked the sheriff in the most composed voice, "if he should get another horse?"

The sheriff turned to Mammy, "Do not be unrea-

sonable, my good woman," he said; "the man is to return to-day, and I will be answerable for your horse."

"But he 's a hired horse, sir," pertinaciously persisted Mammy, "and besides, who knows that fellow that 's on him?"

Charles lost his patience and his self-possession, and screamed through the broken window, "Let him go, Mammy."

But even this imprudence did not put Whistler off his guard. He gave one glance to Charles that spoke volumes, and then, assuming a look as simple as Mr. Slender's, he said, "La, old mother, every body hereabouts knows me; I don't live six miles off; my name is John Smith."

"Thank heaven," thought Charles, "he remembers the name I gave him." Mammy saw she could effect no farther delay, and muttering, "I suppose the high sheriff must do as he likes, but mind, you sir, don't you ride that horse fast," she returned with a heavy heart into the house.

Whistler ventured one more glance at Charles. He even ventured more, for as he again turned the horse's head he whistled, loud and shrill, one bar of the tune Charles had most loved in their merry greenwood rambles. He then rode off sharply, followed

by Biter, and soon turning out of the main street to a due west course, disappeared from sight.

All day the pursuit was maintained by foot and horse, but at evening the pursuers returned without any tidings of the fugitive. All returned save the rider of Mammy's horse, and his absence was explained to the wondering community the next morning, by the appearance of the good steed at his stable door in Shelburne. A full brown wig and whiskers were bound around his neck and well secured by a silk handkerchief marked with the initials *C. V.* The secret was now out, and there being no vindictiveness towards the fugitive among the kind-hearted people of Berkeley county, there was a prevailing satisfaction in his hair-breadth scape, and a general admiration of the zeal and ingenuity of his young preserver. This was greatly augmented by the belief, disseminated by Charles's friends and Mammy's gossips, of Whistler's innocence of the alleged crime, a belief shortly after substantiated by Ira's death-bed confession. Charles remained in durance till a statement of the affair, accompanied by a petition for his full pardon, signed by half the entire population of Berkeley county, could be forwarded to the governor. An answer of grace was returned, accompanied by a very proper and severe reprimand

of the presumption of a youth of fifteen, who had had the hardihood to oppose his opinion to the verdict of twelve honest men, and thereupon to counteract the judicial sentence of the law.

But presumption is the sin of youth. Charles was forgiven his, and, it may be, loved the better for it. Whistler was never again heard of, unless a singular and affecting interview that occurred, many years after, between an Indian who came in a canoe, with a dog blind and decrepit with age, to Perry's fleet on lake Erie, and a gallant officer who had earned laurels in the celebrated victory of the preceding day, revealed the fugitive from BERKELEY JAIL.

THE BOWER OF PAPHOS.

BY GODFREY WALLACE.

THERE is an island in that narrow sea,
Whose tideless billows kiss the classic shore
Which girts it round, in sunniest revelry—
There is an island, where, in times of yore,
Love had his throne and taught his golden lore ;
Where Aphrodite found her genial home,
When, fairer far than aught create before,
She flash'd in beauty from the ocean's foam,
And saw in Cyprus rise her first and proudest dome.

Ere now I've floated near this summer isle,
When not a zephyr tinged the slumbering deep ;
When skies were bright with gladness, and their smile
In floods of joy all nature seem'd to steep.
I've marked the stealthy pace of twilight creep
Along the trackless wave, star after star
Gem night's dark bosom, dewes begin to weep

Painted by Martin

Engraved by Geo. B. Ellis.





Their sad and silent tears, and then from far
Would memory bring those dreams, nor age nor wo
can mar.

Borne o'er the wave, a goddess seem'd to move,
While pleased creation own'd her magic spell ;
Each floweret look'd, each zephyr whisper'd love,
When on the beach touch'd Aphrodite's shell.
I saw the statue's marble bosom swell,
When to Pygmalion's prayer came life's full tide,
And all the ceaseless storms of thought to dwell
In what his art had fashion'd—when his bride
Stept from her pedestal, and stood, all trembling, at
his side.

Methought I saw the sculptor's mute amaze,
The awe which trembled through his kneeling frame,
The doubtful credence of his steadfast gaze,
His start of terror, when Pygmalion's name
Forth from those lips, in softest accents, came,
Which late were marble, but whose pressure now
Through every fibre sent the undying flame
Of life and love, as, whispering many a vow,
She o'er him fondly bent and kiss'd his pallid brow.

All Cyprus knelt to Aphrodite's power ;
Hearts were her altars, and the lofty fane,
The quiet household and the woodland bower
Were redolent with praise ; the circling main
Roll'd its blue billows round the isle in vain
To bound her sway, against the angry wave
Her smiles were stronger far than Canute's chain ;
The world was hers, and soon her spirit gave
New store of beauty to the fair, new courage to the
brave.

Time has roll'd over Cyprus ; hurrying years
Have marr'd the glories of her earlier day ;
The votive temple now no longer rears
Its front to blush before the morning ray ;
Paphos, Pygmalion's son, has pass'd away ;
The smiling daughter of the wave's bright crest,
Who gave his mother life, finds none to lay
An offering on that shrine, whose ruins rest
On Cyprus still, like broken gem on beauty's hallow'd
breast.

The time-worn fiction of Pygmalion's love
Survives the pride of Aphrodite's shrine ;

And though no goddess haunts the Paphian grove,
Nor breathes her spirit where its myrtles twine,
Yet love, undying, still remains divine,
Still waves its sceptre, still maintains its sway,
Fires beauty's eye, illumines the rosy wine,
Makes brief existence but one glorious day,
And now and e'er must speed, all conquering, on its
way.

THE OCEAN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

HAIL, glorious ocean ! in thy calm repose
Majestic like a king. The emerald isles
Sleep on thy breast, as though with matron care
Thou in a robe of light didst cradle them,
Hushing the gales that might disturb their rest.
Thy chasten'd waves that in rotation throng
To kiss their chain of sand, methinks they seem
Like pensive teachers, or like eloquent types
Of the brief tenure of terrestrial joy.

Though, roused to sudden anger, thou dost change
Thy countenance, and arm'd with terror toss
Man's floating castles to the fiery skies ;
Yet still thou art his friend. Thy mystic spell
Looseneth the tie of kindred, lures his foot
From earth's green pastures to thy slippery shrouds,

Weans his bold spirit from the parent hearth,
Till by thy rough and perilous baptism bronzed
Thou art his priest, his home.

With toil and change
Creation labours. Streams their bed forsake ;
Strong mountains moulder ; the eternal hills
Leap from their firm foundations ; planets fall ;
But age thy fearful forehead furroweth not.

Earth's bosom bleeds beneath her warring sons,
The tempest scatters her with wing of flame,
And her bloom withers, but what eye may trace
Where haughtiest navies pour'd their hostile wrath
Into thy breast, or the storm-spirit dash'd
Thy salt tears to the sky ?

What hand hath rear'd
Upon thine ever-heaving pedestal
One monumental fane to those who sleep
Within thy cloister'd caverns ? Myriads there,
Wrapt in the tangled sea-fan's gorgeous shroud,
On thy pearl pavement make their sepulchre.
Earth strictly question'd for those absent ones,
Her beautiful, her brave, her innocent,
But thou, in thy unyielding silence, gavest

No tidings of them, and despotic badest
Beauty and death like rival kings divide
Thy secret realm.

Mysterious deep, farewell !

I turn from thy companionship. But lo !
Thy voice doth follow me. Mid lonely bower,
Or twilight dream, or wakeful couch, I hear
That solemn, that reverberated hymn
From thy deep organ, which doth speak God's praise
In thunder, night and day.

Still by my side,

Even as a dim-seen spirit, deign to walk,
Prompter of holy thought, and type of Him.
Sleepless, omnipotent, immutable.

'THE STAR.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

BEAMING, beaming, still I hang,
Bright as when my birth I sang
From chaotic night ;
In the boundless azure dome,
Where has been my constant home,
Till thousand, thousand years have come
To sweep earth's things from sight.

Mortals! I, unchanging, view
Every change that sports with you,
On your shadowy ball ;
All beneath my native skies,
Here I mark how soon it dies—
How your proudest empires rise,
Flourish, shake and fall.

E

Splendour, honours, wealth and pride,
I have beheld ye laid aside ;
Love and hate forgot ;
Fame, ambition, pomp and power,
I have seen enjoy their hour ;
Beauty withering as a flower ;
While I alter'd not.

He whose sceptre sway'd the world—
I have seen him pale, and hurl'd
From his lofty throne ;
Monarch's form and vassal's clay
Turn'd to dust and swept away,
E'en to point where once they lay
I remain alone.

Though question'd oft, from age to age,
By many a wise and letter'd sage,
What the stars might be ;
I answer'd not, for soon, I knew,
He would have a clearer view,
And look the world of mysteries through,
In vast eternity.

Oft when, at stilly noon of night,
I met the sleepless mourner's sight,
My steady blaze I kept ;

Nor dimm'd a beam to soothe the grief .
Whose reign I saw must be so brief;
For soon she found a sure relief,
And follow'd him she wept.

Mortals, since ye pass like dew,
Seize the promise made for you,
Ere your day is o'er ;
The righteous, says the page divine,
Are as the firmament to shine,
And like the stars, when I and mine
Are quench'd to beam no more !

THE DUCHESS AND SANCHO.

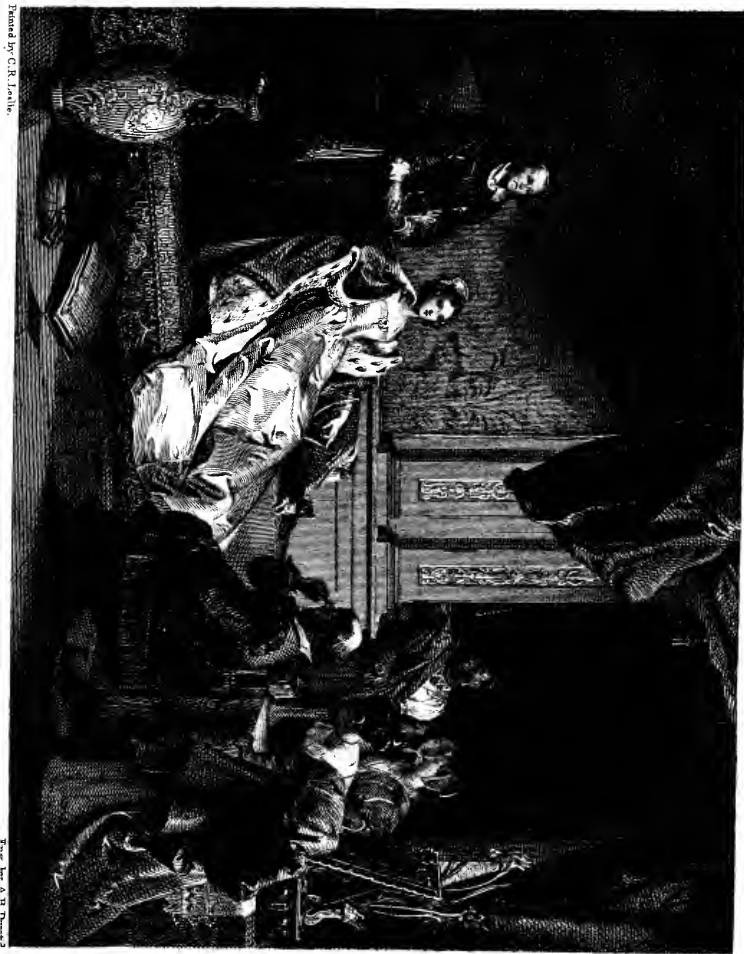
BY MISS LESLIE.

THE Duchess reclines on her cushions of down,
While Sancho delivers his proverbs profound ;
And her damsels, unheeding the duenna's frown,
Are listening, and glancing and smiling around.

And great is the glee of that child of the sun,
The African handmaid, whose broad-grinning race
Ne'er were known to resist the contagion of fun,
No matter the cause, or the time, or the place.

There he dwells on his woful adventures—and chief,
Dulcinea's enchantment he argues upon ;
And mysteriously tells, as his private belief,
That the wits of his master long since have been gone.

And were this fair dame, and her mirth-loving lord,
These pleasant patricians, mischievous though kind,





Whose tastes and whose humours so gaily accord,
But phantoms of fiction, creations of mind ?

Oh no ! let us hope that their pictures, in sooth,
Were painted from life, with that pencil divine,
The pencil of nature, whose touches of truth
No fancy can equal, no art can outshine.

Let us hope that they lived, and were known to the
bard ;
That they honour'd his genius and cherish'd his fame ;
That they made his hard destiny somewhat less hard ;
That their bounty relieved him when poverty came.

The wreath of the warrior has faded and gone,
While the laurel of genius is green in the land ;
And the fight of Lepanto will only be known,
As the fight where Cervantes was maim'd of his hand.

THE DUNCE AND THE GENIUS.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

EDWARD Philip Augustus and Job Maynard were the only sons of a respectable merchant who resided in one of the principal cities of the United States. Job was the elder, though we place him second to his brother, who seems entitled to precedence on the score of his name. Philip Augustus was called, I believe, after Philip of Macedon and Augustus Cæsar; Job was named by his uncle, a worthy old Quaker and a bachelor to boot. Half the odd names in a family come of these rich old bachelors, who, having no children of their own, are pretty sure to have plenty of namesakes. Mrs. Maynard resisted this name with all her eloquence; but was at length reconciled to it, by a promise that she should have entire control over that of his next brother.

“I never heard of a man named Job,” said she, “that became distinguished for any thing.”

“ Well, my dear,” said Mr. Maynard, “ perhaps he will be the first, and that will make him still more distinguished.”

“ Impossible ; there never was, and never will be a great man of that name.”

“ You forget the good man in the Scriptures.”

“ Well, and what was he remarkable for after all ?”

“ Why, for having such an excellent wife, and so many friends in his misfortunes.”

“ I understand, Mr. Maynard ; that’s a hit at me. No husband ever praises another man’s wife, without meaning to reflect on his own.”

“ Upon my honour, my dear”—

“ Oh you need not say any more ; I am not blind, nor deaf nor dumb.”

‘ No, not the last, I’ll swear for you,’ thought Mr. Maynard.

“ But,” returned Mrs. Maynard, “ are you determined to confound the poor child with this odious name ?”

“ His uncle wishes it, and you know he is rich and a bachelor.”

“ I wish all old bachelors were—were married ; they are always giving such odd names to one’s children, and after all, ten to one, they take it into their heads to get married at last.”

“But we can’t get over it, my dear, without affronting uncle Job, and that is hardly worth while.”

“Well, well: but if it was only any other name.”

“Why, what particular objection have you to this?”

“Why, why, Job was such a patient man. I hate patient people, they put me out of all patience.”

“It’s a good quality in a husband, for all that.”

“There, there, now, Mr. Maynard, you are at your inuendoes again. I understand you, sir. You seem to insinuate that I put your patience to the trial pretty often.”

“My dear, you have such ingenious ways of misinterpreting what I say; but we must decide one way or the other; uncle Job will be here tomorrow, and”—

“I wish uncle Job was in Guinea, or that he had some other name; I’ve no patience with him.”

“My dear, it is strange that the name of a man so remarkable for his patience should have the effect of putting you out of patience. But come now, my dear Dolly, do consent, will you?”

There was nothing the lady hated so much as to be called Dolly, and it is believed that Mr. Maynard called her so on purpose. He knew, by experience, that, after all other means had failed, he could fre-

quently bring about her consent to a thing by putting her out of humour ; and he tried it on this occasion.

“ Now, my dear Dolly, let him be called Job, after his uncle.”

“ You may call him after Satan if you will,” cried Mrs. Maynard, and bounced out of the room. Accordingly the unfortunate boy was christened Job. The lady took it in high dudgeon, and, it is said, concerted with her cook to spoil the christening supper. At all events, it was one of the worst suppers ever cooked in a decent family on such an occasion. What made the matter very suspicious, Mrs. Maynard did not get out of patience with the cook, though uncle Job did, which, in a man of his name, was very much out of character.

In process of time, there was another fine little fellow to be christened. Uncle Job wanted to have a finger in the pie again, and suggested the name of Obadiah. But Mrs. Maynard was immovable this time, and the boy was called Edward Philip Augustus, as an offset to poor Job.

It is curious to see what odd effects often proceed from very insignificant causes. Being unable to endure the name of Job, the mother, from the moment of the christening of her second son, discovered, not precisely an antipathy, but an indifference

to the first. She humoured and petted Edward Philip Augustus, and never was poor boy so often in the wrong as honest Job. The other was, from the first, a very extraordinary boy. He was always in the right in every little dispute or contention with his brother. Uncle Job, on the contrary, always took the part of his little namesake, and the two Jobs together, as Mrs. Maynard affirmed, were enough to tire the patience of Job himself.

The two lads grew up as lads generally do, one of whom is repressed, the other spoiled and petted by his mother. Job was a silent little fellow, rather retired in his ways, and of a pensive turn of mind. He early acquired a habit of being on his guard, in his intercourse with his brother, from discovering that whenever they came into collision he was always in the wrong. He never denied his little transgressions, because the same early experience had taught him that there was no use in denial, even when he happened to be innocent. On the contrary, Edward Philip Augustus, as Mrs. Maynard always called him, never took any pains to avoid committing a fault, or refrained from denying it, because he knew very well he would be believed in opposition to every one else. He said what he pleased, and, of course, sometimes said a thing that, from its pertness, sounded like wit:

he did too just as he pleased; of course there was a daring audacity about him, which was mistaken, at least by his mother, for courage. Thus, before Job was fourteen, and Edward Philip Augustus twelve, one was set down as a tame blockhead, the other as a genius and a hero in perspective. This is one of the most common mistakes in life. With all this, honest little Job, although he sat quiet in a corner and said nothing, because his spirit was bowed down by an instinctive perception common to all children that he was not treated with impartiality; with all this, I say, he had ten times the spirit and twenty times the sense of his spoiled brother.

The worthy Mr. Maynard was a man of business. He was from home all the morning, fagging in the crowd of merchants, or poring over his letters and day-books at the counting house. When he came home to dinner, he was hungry and tired. He remedied the one by a great dinner, and the other by a hearty nap. In the evening he went to the club. Of course he had little opportunity of judging of the character and qualifications of his children. He often struck the balance of his ledger, but never that of Job and his brother. All he knew of the boys was from their mother, and her estimate the reader is already acquainted with.

It was time to decide, as parents are wont to say on the destiny of the two lads; that is, on their future studies and professions. There was a consultation on the occasion, to which uncle Job was bidden, but with the express understanding, on the part of Mrs. Maynard, that he was to have no voice in the fate of Edward Philip Augustus, the genius. As to the dunce, by virtue of his name, he might do what he pleased with him. The two boys were present, that they might intimate their wishes on the subject.

“Edward Philip Augustus is a genius”—

“How dost thou know that, friend Dolly?” asked uncle Job, interrupting her rather unceremoniously.

“Know it?” said Mrs. Maynard, to whom the name of Dolly was a spark to tinder,—“know it? am not I his mother?”

“Hum!” quoth uncle Job, “I doubt if that makes thee a better judge?”

“Why who should know better than his own mother?”

“I should think the schoolmaster.”

“Well the schoolmaster assures me, Edward Philip Augustus”—

“One name is enough for a man, let alone a little boy, Dolly; I wish thou wouldst call him Neddy.”

“Neddy!” said the good lady, turning up her nose.

“Yea, Neddy, or Ned, for that is still shorter. But I presume, Dolly, this matter is settled, Neddy is a boy of genius. Now for my namesake, poor Job.

“Ah!” said the mother, shaking her head and speaking loud enough for the boys to hear, “ah! ‘poor Job’ you may well say; Job is a dull boy, a very dull boy, he is only fit for a merchant.”

“Let me tell you, Dolly,” cried Mr. Maynard, brushing up at this reflection on his profession, “let me tell you, it requires as much talent and information to make a good merchant, as go to the composition of a parson, a doctor, or a lawyer. There was the great Cosmo de Medicis, and the great Sir Thomas Gresham; and there is the great Rothschild, and the great Lafitte, and the great Girard; do you suppose such men can be made out of blockheads?”

“Cosmo de Medicine,” echoed Mrs. Maynard; “why who told you he was a merchant? Any body can tell he was a doctor by his name.”

“But little Job,” quoth the old Quaker, who was a man of few words, “Job you say is dull—very dull,” and he said this in a low tone to spare the poor boy’s feelings. “How dost thou know that, Dolly?”

“Dolly! I wish you wouldn’t call me Dolly.”

“Why not? that is thy name. We call every thing by its name, except a pair of breeches, which I

am informed are denominated, by the gay people of the city, unmentionables."

Mrs. Maynard, now in full spite at being called Dolly and knowing it would annoy the old Quaker, proceeded to reiterate the assertion that little Job was dull, very dull, in short the dullest boy she had ever known.

"Come hither Job, and come hither Neddy," said the old Quaker mildly. Mrs. Maynard was almost as impatient at his being called Neddy, as at being herself called Dolly.

"Neddy, how many miles is it round the world?"

"Just as many again as half," answered Neddy pertly, and skipping away delighted with his cleverness. His mother could have devoured him with kisses. 'What a smart little rogue!' thought she.

"Humph!" quoth uncle Job; "Neddy's genius may be very good, but I can't say I much admire his manners."

"Not admire his manners!" cried Mrs. Maynard, "why who ever saw any thing so graceful and easy? I declare he's quite a man of the world."

"Job," said the good Quaker, "Job, canst not thou tell how many miles it is round the world?"

Job knew perfectly well. But the eye of the prejudiced mother was on him, and the force of old

habits of discouragement embarrassed his intellect, and cowed down his spirit. He stammered out a few confused words, hesitated in silence, and at length stood stock-still, the tears trickling down his cheeks.

"What a stupid cry-baby!" exclaimed Mrs. Maynard; "he is fit for nothing but a merchant, just as I said. Get out of the room, sir, till you know how to behave yourself like your brother." Job was proceeding to obey, when the old Quaker said—

"Nay, stop, Job, and give thyself time to come to thy mind. Remember, boy, that dullness is a misfortune, and tenderness of heart not a crime."

He then repeated the question, which Job, after wiping his eyes, answered readily and correctly. He then asked him a variety of other questions, relating to the studies of boys of his age, which he also replied to with equal readiness and correctness.

"Very well, Job, thou hast done well," quoth the uncle.

"Quite well, I declare, quite considerably well: I did not think Job had so much in him," exclaimed Mr. Maynard.

"A mere exertion of memory," said Mrs. Maynard, "and every body knows all very dull boys have remarkably good memories. For my part, I think

this answering questions, when got by heart, is a poor test of genius. I am very glad Edward Philip Augustus did not answer. An ounce of wit is worth a pound of memory."

"I differ with thee, friend Dolly," quoth uncle Job, "inasmuch as without memory it is rather difficult to have either wit or understanding. If Neddy had not had memory, he would not have been able to make that fine answer he gave me, which he must have got, I reckon; from some saucy chimney-sweeper."

This home thrust at Neddy, as Mrs. Maynard asserted, "was enough to overcome the patience of Job."

"Not mine, I assure thee, friend Dolly," said uncle Job; "I never was out of patience but once in my life, that I remember. It was on reading of the stripes and imprisonments of George Fox, our worthy founder. It made me wax wroth, and feel warlike unto the death, I assure thee, friend Dolly."

Friend Dolly wished, in her inmost heart, some of these stripes had fallen to the lot of uncle Job, instead of George Fox.

"Let us decide the business," said Mr. Maynard, looking at his watch, "I must be at the exchange in half an hour. What say you, my dear?"

"I say that Edward Philip Augustus, being a genius, must be bred to some liberal profession; it is necessary that he be prepared for college immediately."

"Agreed," quoth Mr. Maynard; "well, and Job! Be quick, for I have only a minute to spare."

"Job, being such a dull boy—a very dunce as I am sorry to say, as I said before, must be made a merchant. He would do better for a tradesman; but, you know, no decent people bring up their children to a trade now-a-days."

"Agreed," cried Mr. Maynard; "and now I must go to the exchange."

"And agreed say I also," quoth uncle Job. "As to the disposition of Neddy, I say naught; he is Dolly's boy, and she may do what pleaseth her in respect to Neddy. But Job, being my godson and namesake, I do hereby accord my free consent to his becoming a merchant, being, as it was, in that honourable character that I myself built up a competent estate, and, as I do verily believe, a good name among all manner of men who ever heard of Job Underhill."

So the matter was settled. The dunce was educated for the counting house, and the genius sent to prepare himself for college.

Edward Philip Augustus, having so often been told he was a genius, had no hesitation in believing it. It was a very comfortable opinion ; it relieved him from the necessity of study, for every body, especially all boys at school, love to persuade themselves that genius can do any thing without the least pains or trouble. Another natural consequence of instilling into a boy the notion of his being a genius is, that he is very apt to become insolent and ungovernable. It is a sort of title to nobility, and confers peculiar privileges. There is a mischievous notion prevailing in the world, that to restrain a clever boy is the right way to make him dull. People are apt to forget, that the finest blood horse is only the more prone to endanger the neck of his rider, unless he is well broke.

The truth is, however, that the young lad had no uncommon portion of genius. He had been humoured into a species of pertness that is sometimes mistaken by parents for wit, and being sufficiently confident to say any thing that came into his head, it is no great wonder that he sometimes said a tolerably good thing. This was apt to be remembered and quoted, while his folly and impertinence were forgotten. But his mind was not rich, nor his intellect well constituted. He carried a great deal of sail, and but little ballast.

Nothing but study could have made him in any way distinguished, and unfortunately the imaginary possession of genius rendered this unnecessary in his own opinion. In less than a year he was dismissed from the preparatory school, for neglect and insubordination.

Mrs. Maynard was in an ecstasy of anger and astonishment; but very soon consoled herself with the idea that boys of genius were always wild and difficult to restrain. His dismissal from school was, therefore, only a proof of his being a boy of genius. What a happy faculty has affection in drawing the most delightful auguries from the most untoward circumstances! Mr. Maynard might, perhaps, have drawn a different conclusion: but his mind was upon other matters; he had embarked in speculations which placed his property at the mercy of the winds and waves, and a storm at sea was of much more consequence, in his estimation, than a domestic matter of this sort.

Having been turned out of school, Mrs. Maynard naturally concluded her favourite was properly fitted for entering college. Institutions of this kind are, many of them at least, naturally easy of access. The temple of learning and science should always stand wide open. But the doors did not open so easily as

might be expected to our youth of brilliant omen. The hinges were rather rusty, it being an old establishment. Edward Philip Augustus could not pass examination, and was excluded from the class of little freshmen, who, every body knows, are almost as mischievous as young monkeys. 'Another proof of his genius,' thought Mrs. Maynard. Edward is certainly destined to be a great man. But according to the stupid notions of the world, it was absolutely proper that he should get a diploma. Mrs. Maynard heard of a new college, just set up in a neighbouring village, where the hinges were not so rusty. The precious youth was accordingly carried thither by his mother, and, as the college was not yet overburthened with students, he was admitted. Mrs. Maynard cautioned the faculty against running him too hard, especially in mathematics, for he was a genius, and genius is never good at any figures but poetical ones.

Edward Philip Augustus got through the first term with singular success, by the aid of a dull boy, his chum, who, from a consciousness of his natural deficiencies, was content to study. He regularly performed his exercises, which Edward was as regularly permitted to copy. The beauty of all this was, that being a gay, imposing, talkative youth, and the other a quiet, modest, unassuming creature, it was

taken for granted that if there was any plagiarism in the case, the dull boy, of course, was the plagiarist. However, the faculty did not pry closely into the matter, as the college wanted funds and the diplomatic fees were not to be dispensed with. Too much of a good thing is a maxim which may be applied to colleges; the multiplication of which is somewhat similar to too many people crowded into a close room; there is not enough air to nourish the whole in health and vigour, and they pine away and pant and perish, like Mr. Holwell's friends in the Black Hole at Calcutta.

Our young genius got on prosperously until the examination for entering the sophomore, when a great misfortune overtook him. He had copied the dull boy's notes of preparation with his consent, and stood ready to answer certain questions, without understanding one word of what he was saying, as it is said some clever boys have been known to do on similar occasions. He had also calculated, with great discretion, what questions were likely to come down to him, and these he had at his finger ends. But unluckily, one of the boys above him fell sick and could not attend the examination. This ill turn of fate proved fatal to the collegiate standing of our young man of genius. An entirely new set of ques-

tions fell to his lot, not one of which could he answer. He could not tell an acute from an obtuse angle.

One of the professors, a testy old Scotsman, at length got out of patience, and exclaimed, "Hoot mon! You 're a great blockhead." Edward was capital at the retort courteous, and promptly replied, "No more of a blockhead than yourself, sir." Whereupon professor M'Switcher very deliberately, and with great gravity, took him by the left *lug*, and led him out of the lecture room; Edward Philip Augustus gallantly kicking his shins, all the while he was demonstrating the problem of the ass's ear, as the professor humorously called it afterwards. When the examination was over, the faculty proceeded to a grave deliberation on the destinies of this refractory youth. Professor M'Switcher showed his shins, and they were black and blue. It was a sacrilegious outrage on the very pillars of learning and science. But still it was justly agreed by others of the faculty, that the expulsion of a scholar would be highly injurious to the interests of the 'Infant Hercules,' as the institution was called in the village paper, and that, therefore, if the young genius would make a public apology, he should not be expelled.

M'Switcher was deputed to carry this mild decision to Edward Philip Augustus, whom he found *non est*,

that is, he did not find him at all. He had, immediately subsequent to the demonstration of the problem of the ass's ear, proceeded to send his baggage to the tavern, whither he followed with all convenient speed. The stage was passing about the time, he got into it without looking behind him, and in due season was received into the arms of his affectionate mother. An explanation took place; the young man gave his own version of the story, and Mrs. Maynard was exceedingly wroth with professor M'Switcher. To call her son—her Edward Philip Augustus a blockhead, when every body knew he had been actually born a genius! It was too bad!

“I'm glad you kicked his shins—the old brute! But don't be discouraged, my son; it is not the greatest scholars that make the greatest men. I recollect Genghis Khan, I believe it was him, or Tamerlane, or some other great man that conquered the world, could not read; and a certain lord chancellor of England could not write his name. I have also been assured by a very clever man, who writes verses and makes puns, that young men of genius are almost always considered great blockheads at school and college. So don't be discouraged, my dear Edward Philip Augustus.”

The youth had not the least idea of being discour-

aged. He had been too well brought up to be discouraged at being called a blockhead at college. Mrs. Maynard urged her husband to prosecute professor M'Switcher for assault and battery. But he declined, urging, at the same time, that the professor might make an offset of his shins against her darling's ear. "And besides," quoth Mr. Maynard, "I think, upon the whole, that going to law is like running in debt, it is rather easier to get in than out of it." This was one of the wisest speeches Mr. Maynard ever made. He spoke from experience, for his speculations had by this time involved him pretty deeply. He was frequently obliged to whip the cat, fly the kite, and resort to all the usual means by which so many men manage to live well, spend money and keep up a good appearance, long after their money hath departed from them, that is to say, if they ever had any. But he kept up his spirits wonderfully, probably because he had so many people to keep him in countenance.

Edward Philip Augustus, the genius, was sent to two colleges in succession, after the adventure of professor M'Switcher. But his genius stood in the way wherever he went; he both times entered at the tail of his class, and it was lucky for him he could not get any lower. His neglect kept pace with his

impertinence, and haughty airs of self-sufficiency; he was regularly expelled from both, first for neglecting his scholastic exercises, and next for being insolent when reprimanded. Having thus, as it were, taken his degree at three colleges, Mrs. Maynard concluded his education completed. True, he had not got a diploma; but what was a diploma?—only a bit of sheepskin. It was therefore determined that he should enter on the study of the law, which is a sort of residuary resource for idle young gentlemen of genius.

But what has become of brother Job, that unfortunate dunce, who, to say the truth, is hardly worth the inquiry. That unpromising youth was, however, growing certainly older, if not wiser, every passing year. But he still exhibited all the indelible marks of a blockhead. He never neglected or forgot what he had to do, or omitted an opportunity of making the most of his time. 'I am a dull boy, a dunce as my mother calls me,' thought Job, 'and cannot expect to escape ridicule and contempt but by study and perseverance.' Accordingly, his leisure hours were devoted to the improvement of his mind, and all his spending money to the purchase of books of information, or to the payment of masters who taught him various accomplishments, either at night or early in

the morning. Not an hour was lost, and thus, in a few years, did Job quietly and imperceptibly store his mind with useful knowledge, at the same time that he acquired various elegant accomplishments becoming a gentleman. At home, however, these were unknown. He never displayed, he had no heart to display them. His mother had early adopted an opinion that he was a dunce, and nothing could convince her to the contrary.

“Job,” would Mr. Maynard sometimes say, “Job is getting to be very clever in the counting house. He will make a great merchant in time.”

“O yes,” would Mrs. Maynard reply; “any dunce can be a great merchant; it is only plodding and plodding, and saving and saving, and thinking of nothing but money for all one’s life, to make a great merchant—any fool can do that.”

“Let me tell you, Dolly”—

“Pshaw, Mr. Maynard! you put me out of all patience with your ‘Dolly’.”

“You should get out of patience with your god-mother, my dear, not me. But, as I was going to say, let me tell you that Cosmo de Medicis”—

“What, the great doctor? why, what has he to do with the subject, in the name of wonder?”

“Let me tell you, Dolly”—

“ You need not tell me any thing, my dear. I say Job is a dunce, and I ought to know. Am not I his mother ? ”

The argument was conclusive ; and so poor Job was set down once more for an incorrigible dunce, when, in fact, he had more sense and knowledge than all the rest of the family put together. Uncle Job was the only one that did him justice.

“ Thou art a clever lad, Job,” would he say, “ and I will be thy friend and protector ; I foresee it will one day be necessary for thee to have a friend. But I wish thou wouldst leave off playing the flute and studying these outlandish tongues. I hear thou art likewise learning to fence and dance. These fripperies will only serve to make thee quarrelsome and vain, I fear. But howsoever, as they do not interfere with thy duties of business, I shall not say thee nay. Only remember they make thee not vain like thy foolish brother, who, I hear, is going the road to destruction.”

This was too true. Master Edward Philip Augustus could never get over the conviction, early instilled into his mind, that he was a genius, and that to maintain his character it was necessary to despise the ordinary maxims of life, which were only meant for the government of ordinary people. He considered

genius as synonymous with idleness, dissipation and frivolity. Instead, therefore, of studying the law, he took to reading poetry : not the noble strains which a better age had produced, but the fashionable inspirations of the present times, which, thanks to the examples of a couple of famous bards, one living, the other dead, may be said, for the most part, to consist in the ravings of false sentiment and misanthropy on one hand, the effeminate sighings of voluptuousness on the other. Over one of these schools presides the croaking raven of the night, brooding over the ruins of the temple of happiness wantonly destroyed by himself; over the other, a flippant wanton sparrow chirping forth his voluptuous strains, ever billing and cooing, and seducing every feathered warbler into an imitation of his effeminate sing-song. Between the two, the manliness, dignity and morals of poetry seem to be almost forgotten.

Edward Philip Augustus, the genius, was, of course, like all other poetasters, an admirer of the fashionable bards of the day. From imitating Don Juan in verse, he naturally became emulous of copying that renowned hero in his conduct. Having one day written a tearing philippic against marriage, it so wrought on the heart of a young female devotee of the two great idols of misanthropy and voluptuous-

ness, that she fell in love with his genius. She was handsome enough to make a song about; somewhat affected with the weight of imaginary sorrows; and had so often sung ditties at the piano, about meeting lovers alone at moonlight and night being 'the genial hour for musing,' that, though her conduct had hitherto been discreet, her imagination was somewhat overheated. Otherwise, she had many good and amiable qualities; and might have become a valuable woman, had she not too deeply sympathized in the malicious misanthropy of one of the great bards, and the effeminate voluptuousness of the other. As it was, she had read so much, and dreamed so often of the mysterious sorrows, the secret transports, the unaccountable aversions and sympathetic attractions of some people, especially people of genius, that the poor damsel had almost lost sight of the landmarks of female delicacy and propriety, those great principles of action, without which no woman can fulfil her duties and enjoy a blameless happiness in this world.

Any person above the degree of honest Job Maynard, the dunce, who reads a reasonable quantity of indifferent poetry every day, will, in good time, if he is blessed with a saving memory, become, as Gray says, so 'redolent' of fine phrases conveying no definite idea and lines ending in nothing, that it will

be no difficult matter to construct a cento, out of the confused chaos, that will pass muster with Pope's song 'by a person of quality,' or any other effusion of a similar kind. Now the head of our genius, in process of time, became a perfect storehouse—a magazine of combustible poetry, which he could measure out as easily as a conjurer draws a ribbon from his mouth. He could concoct an extempore, which neither himself nor any one else could comprehend, but which had all the requisites of fashionable poetry, namely, nonsense, hyperbole and obscurity.

It is therefore scarcely to be wondered at, if a young lady of sixteen who adored misanthropy, and whose imagination had been kept on the *qui vive* by reading, singing and sighing over the volcanic eruptions of the aforesaid illustrious bards, should be enthralled in the web of our hero's complicated poetry. Genius, they say, is a sort of touchwood; and the moment Edward Philip Augustus perceived the charming Louisa relished his verse, he began to relish her society. In two words—for it was brought about in a twinkling—in two words, they became violently attached to each other.

The moment our precious youth discovered that his mistress responded, though he had been on the very verge of madness before, he became ten times

more wretched than ever. He could not possibly marry, that was unworthy a man of genius, except indeed he got ten thousand pounds sterling a year with his wife. Besides, men of genius are too good to be thrown away in this vulgar manner; and it was owing to a consciousness of the sacrifice extorted from them, that they always made such bad husbands. The biographer of Lord Byron has borrowed this theory from our hero, but without acknowledgement. The more miserable Edward Philip Augustus became, the more Louisa sympathized in his sorrows, which only made him the more miserable. Whereupon, the young lady was sorely puzzled to know what ailed him. The young genius was indeed most excruciatingly perplexed. To marry or not to marry, that was the question. Whether to remain single and be miserable, or marry and be miserable, was what puzzled him. At length he decided on the authority of his great oracle, that the latter would make him the most miserable; and accordingly a runaway match was the consequence. An elopement was quite unnecessary indeed, for there would have been no opposition from either of the parents; but it was unworthy a genius to marry in an every day humdrum manner.

Mrs. Maynard was, at first, a little angry; but she

soon recollected that people of genius never do any thing like other folks, and became more than ever convinced her Edward Philip Augustus would outshine the world before long.

In a month or two our hero began to be more miserable than ever; nobody knew why. When his wife hung about him and assayed to offer consolation, he shook her off and rushed into his study, where he drank a glass of gin and water, untied the black ribbon from his neck, and wrote a cento in imitation of the idol of his soul. Poor Mrs. Edward Philip Augustus was almost out of her wits with curiosity and sympathy. One day she followed him into his room, and put to flight one of the most glorious ideas that ever crossed the brain of a poet. This was more than human genius could bear. He fell into a passion and wished her—we dare not tell where. Any other woman might perhaps have wished something in turn, but she only departed with the cutting reproach of tears.

Edward Philip Augustus never could forgive Louisa for depriving him of immortality by putting his idea to flight. He became moody, abstracted, misanthropic, and took to drinking ‘ginnums,’ as the pleasant author of Maxwell has it—the fountain of Hippocrene to modern bards.

"I believe you are tired of me," said Louisa, one day as he shook her impatiently from his shoulder, on which she was leaning.

"Tired to death," said the genius, looking her in the face with an air of distracted abstraction.

"And you wish me at ——, as you once said?"

Edward Philip Augustus nodded his head. Louisa rushed out of the room; and took shelter with her parents, from the rude barbarity of the inspired man.

"Now thank heaven and the muses," cried Edward Philip Augustus, "I have as good cause to be miserable as ever man was blessed with."

By the influence of his mother, who saw, in this treatment of Louisa, another crying proof of his genius, our hero obtained a round sum from his father, who, finding himself ruined by his speculations, began to be very liberal of other people's money. He forthwith took his departure in a ship for some distant country, where, as he said, he might forget his misfortunes and curse his enemies. As he cast his eyes on the distant shores of his native land, which were fast receding from view, he uttered a furious curse on its soil, its products and its institutions. After which he went into his state room and wrote a beautiful farewell to 'My Native Land,'

which he followed up by another to 'His Beloved Wife.'

He visited Spain, and moralized and muttered maledictions wherever he came. If he went into a grave yard, he apostrophised his buried happiness; if he saw a couple of peasants surrounded by a family of little merry, dirty, half clothed children, he wept at the disappointment of his hopes and the desolation of his fireside; if he visited a ruined city, he rejoiced at the triumphs of time over the works of man; and if he saw a magnificent fane consecrated to the Deity, he blasphemed about religion. Thus did our hero grumble, and moralize, and curse his way to Italy, where he fell in love, and formed an 'amicable arrangement' with a married woman, her father, mother, and husband. They all lived together in the most orthodox and amiable manner; and our hero was quite happy, for he had plenty of 'ginnums,' and lived in the violation of the laws of God and man.

But he was fated to be tired even of happiness, and it was not long ere he again fell to cursing his stars most poetically. Besides the surfeit produced by the piquant arrangement aforesaid, he began at length to feel in want, which even genius cannot allay by the most fervent exorcisms. His purse began to fail, when, most opportunely, he heard of the death

of Louisa's father, which event had put her in possession of a considerable fortune, as it was rumoured. Now, though our genius could not bend his energies to submit to share the society of Louisa, he had no sort of objection to share her fortune. He first claimed the whole, but at length generously consented to take half.

Again he revelled in the luxuries of 'ginnums' and sentiment, until finding the life he led was gradually undermining his health, and entailing on him the contempt of the world, which, however, he despised most heartily, he was meditating something to set people gossiping about him once again, when the news of the death of poor Louisa brought to his recollection the possibility that she might have made him her heir. 'If she has,' thought he, 'I will immortalize her in a most magnificent doggerel.' But these anticipations proved unfounded. Louisa had solaced her sorrows and disappointments in the practice of charity and benevolence, and left nothing behind her but the blessings of the poor.

Another sad disappointment awaited the sensitive heart of Edward Philip Augustus, who was destined from his cradle to be the sport of accident, the victim of persecution and calumny. Mr. Maynard, after clinging to the skirts of possibility, raising the wind,

flying kites, and hovering for years on the verge of bankruptcy, had at length failed, and left nothing behind him but debts and disgrace. The whole family were living with Job, the dunce !

The reader must excuse us, if, after treating of the mysterious sorrows and acute sensibilities of genius, we descend awhile, from such high matters, to the affairs of a commonplace person like honest Job Maynard. But the course of our tale demands that we should sacrifice a few moments to his deplorable insignificance. We shall, however, cut the matter as short as possible. Suffice it to say that Job had gradually risen, by the exercise of solid judgment, unwearied perseverance and undeviating integrity, aided by the fortune of his good uncle, to be one of the first men of the city, not only in wealth, but in talents, and all the accomplishments of a gentleman. On the failure of his father, he paid all his debts, and took him and Mrs. Maynard to live with him. Never did they feel their dependence ; nor were they ever reminded, by any act of commission or omission, that they were not in their own house, and that all about them was not their own.

Mrs. Maynard might have been happy, if she had not thought of that astonishing genius Edward Philip Augustus, whose great talents had made him an alien

from his country, a wanderer on the face of the earth, without friends except those who sucked his blood, pampered his vices, and inflated his self-sufficiency.

‘What a pity it is,’ would she sigh to herself, ‘what a pity it is that Job has not the genius of poor Edward, or Edward the steadiness of Job!’

She was exceedingly shocked at the appearance of her beloved son, when the prodigal returned home. He was haggard, pale and nervous—a broken down man, cursed with all the infirmities of old age in the prime of his years. But he was received with kindness by all, and by none more than that incomprehensible dunce, brother Job, who, without a spark of genius, as Mrs. Maynard often observed, had achieved all that genius could do in the world.

‘Who would have dreamed such things would come to pass?’ thought the disappointed mother.

During the remainder of their lives, the prognostics of the mother were still more signally disappointed; for Job continued to rise, and Edward to sink every succeeding day. Edward continued to write verses; but they at length became so inflated and obscured with the ‘ginnums,’ that they exhibited ‘all the madness of poetry without its inspiration.’ ‘Another proof of his genius!’ thought poor Mrs. Maynard; ‘genius, like the eagle, always soars out of sight.’

By degrees, however, the truth forced itself upon her. She could no longer shut her eyes to the fact that her darling son was gradually becoming a sot and a profligate sensualist of the lowest order. Sometimes he was found lying asleep in the streets; at others he was brought home in a state of brutal alienation; and at others, after being missed three or four days, he might be found in the lowest haunts of sensual debauchery. The end of his career was worthy the beginning and the middle. In a nightly brawl he received a blow on the head, which, assisted by the fumes of the liquor he had drunk, produced apoplexy; and he was brought home dead.

“Alas!” exclaimed the weeping mother,—as she kissed his bloated cheek with that maternal love which survives disobedience, worthlessness, crime, disgrace, death—“alas! that this should be the end of a genius! If it had been a dunce now, I should not have been astonished.”

THE DREAMS OF YOUTH.

THE dreams of youth ! how long their spell
Will fondly on the memory dwell ;
How soothing to the heart their power,
When, victims of a darker hour,
We bow beneath the iron sway
Of fate, we cannot but obey—
The hoard of grief, the unwelcome toil,
The blunted hope, the treacherous smile,
Ambition restless, sordid care,
And last, but surest, cold despair—
Ah, yes ! from these, life's sober truth,
We fondly turn to dreams of youth ;
Heartless reality exchange
For fancy's wild creative range ;
Call up again the visions past,
And try to hold them, fleeting fast.
Who can forget the generous glow
That oft has mantled o'er his brow,

The beating pulse, the ardent glance,
Raised by some tale of old romance,
Of kingdoms won by bold emprise ;
Of kingdoms lost for ladies' eyes ;
Of fair Angelica set free
By Asia's countless chivalry ;
How, from his distant sea-girt land,
Bold Richard led his faithful band,
To distant Syria's burning shore
Britain's crimson standard bore,
And the fierce Soldan taught to feel
The terrors of his vengeful steel—
Scenes, such as these, the heart supply
With aspirations proud and high.

Nor these alone : from many a page
We cull'd the lore of holy sage ;
Hung o'er the patriot's glorious name,
With vows to win as pure a fame ;
Divine philosophy pursued,
With ardour, virtue, hope imbued ;
And from each worldly feeling free,
Turn'd every wish, fair truth, to thee.

Yes, youthful dreams ! in after years
How blest your memory appears ;
Long, long we seek their soothing power
To cheer us in life's gloomier hour.





THE SPANISH LOVER.

BY CHARLES SHERRY.

THERE were nine ladies in the olden day
Duly invoked by all who dealt in rhyme ;
But if one lip will smile upon my lay,
I'll sue for other smiles some other time ;
Mine is a sketch but roughly put on paper,
And little polish'd by the midnight taper.

FOR on my work no starry midnight gleams,
When the wind most poetically sighs,
When honest men are busy with their dreams,
And politicians are inventing lies,
And much more secret wickedness has birth,
Than tongue will ever whisper upon earth.

A bright spring morning, with its balmy air,
Breathes on my forehead with a soothing power ;

Though the white valleys yet pretend to wear
A little snow, and may till the next shower ;
Still there is greenness on the open mountains,
And music gushes from the unchain'd fountains.

But very seldom to our northern spring,
Such gentle days are kind enough to come,
The cold breeze rustles by on sleety wing,
Or murmurs with a stupid sort of hum,
And forest birds will never trill a tune
Till some time in the early part of June.

Thus much I tell you of my whereabouts.—
I am unwedded, and am like to be,
At least so long as pretty Mary pouts,
And is so sullen and unkind to me ;
I am not elderly, and not ill-looking,
Nor too particular about my cooking.

The story, which my pen begins to trace,
Is but a little well behaved romance ;
And such an one as might have taken place,
Equally well in Italy or France ;
All its particulars are strictly true,
And if not—is it any thing to you ?

Caroline was a very pretty girl,
A sweeter never made poor man a sinner,
Her tongue would set your senses in a twirl,
Much sooner than Madeira after dinner ;
And her eye, often bright with lightning flashes,
Would sometimes sleep so calm beneath its lashes !

Her rich voice melted on the listening ear,
With a most reedy and voluptuous flow,
And there is more enchantment in a clear
Sweet voice than people generally know ;
It breathes to me a finer music much,
Than the piano's most delightful touch.

Don José was a nobleman by birth,
Chiefly because his native land was Spain,
He stood six feet upon his mother earth,
Wore whiskers, and mustachios and a cane,
Not very wealthy, but exceeding proud,
And one you would have noticed in a crowd.

He had some feeling and uncommon sense,
And much persuasion on his Spanish lip,
Was smart in repartee and quick at fence,
A graceful dancer, and a noble whip ;
In short a person of superior carriage,
And calculated for a happy marriage.

Now it was very natural, I think,
That two young people mutually pleasant,
Should reach, in very little time, the brink
Of as mad love as you can find at present ;
When they were always to be found together,
In every mood of mind and mood of weather.

Though both were young, I will not undertake
To note the years that each of them had seen,
He was no longer twenty, or a rake,
And she had been two summers just sixteen ;
So all the details of the match were fair,
And suitable, as such things ever are.

But when the lady's father saw affairs
So unmistakeable an aspect wearing,
His mind was troubled with a thousand cares,
And he grew cross and crabbed past all bearing,
He meant his only child should marry some
Good man, whose pockets held at least a plum.

Now the old gentleman was very much a
Person disposed to follow his own way,
Stupid, unreasonable, quick and touchy,
As cold and bitter as a winter day,
He wore a turn'd-up nose and thin-cut lip,
His gait was usually a halting trip.

So quite impertinently overhearing
The lovers talking of their loves one eve,
He could no longer keep from interfering,
And told Don José he must take his leave ;
He would not hear one word upon the matter,
“ Sir, you must go,”—no order could be flatter.

Don José's blood into his hot cheek rush'd,
At being treated in so rude a fashion,
His Spanish countenance was sadly flush'd,
And he was almost in a furious passion ;
But then he knew he could not, any how,
Whip his love's father, so he made his bow.

Then there were soft notes passing to and fro,
And billets-doux with tender passion crowded,
With many vows, and sighs, and signs of wo,
That their bright heaven of love should thus be
clouded,
With, now and then, a plan of meeting laid
By the contrivance of her waiting maid.

These interviews were in a verdant nook,
Which nature fashion'd for a trysting-place,
Murmurs beneath a gently flowing brook,
Above it twisting branches interlace ;

Quiet, secluded, suitable and green,
The prettiest spot for lovers ever seen.

And when the old man took his wine and water,
And frugal supper at the hour of nine,
He never thought his faithless little daughter
Was stealing out in the convenient shine
Of the kind stars, with an attendant maid,
To meet Don José in that bowery shade.

But wiser fathers have been quite as blind
Before his time, nor learn'd till very late,
That it is all in vain to try to bind
A child who chooses to select her mate ;
Matches are made in heaven, and all objections
Are idle on the part of the connections.

Some weeks had flown thus pleasantly away,
When Caroline received a hasty note,
Saying, Don José by another day
Upon the faithless deep must be afloat,
For an old uncle, whom he left in Spain,
Had died, and he must hurry back again.

He had been sent for, and he did not know
But that a loving uncle had provided

Handsomely for a graceless nephew, so
Upon a salt-sea trip he had decided ;
But he must see his Caroline once more
Before he parted for his native shore.

That lovers' meeting and that lovers' parting,
Beneath the shadow of their favourite bower,
The eyes unused to weep, the tear-drop starting,
And manhood bending to love's melting power,
Flush'd sigh, and throbbing heart, and burning kiss,
The keenest anguish, and the deepest bliss !

They vow'd, of course, eternal constancy,
That nothing should disturb their plighted troth,
She said her heart should ever faithful be,
And he, in Spanish, utter'd quite an oath ;
And they both promised solemnly to pen
A letter daily till they met again.

They thought it was no matter, I suppose,
That these epistles should be writ in vain,
Or did not know, perhaps, that the mail goes
But very seldom to the coast of Spain ;
It never once occurred to them to think
That they would only waste their pen and ink.

Thus at the silent midnight hour they parted,
The lady to her sad and dreaming slumber,
While poor Don José in the stage-coach started,
Uncomfortably crowded with a number
Of gentlemen, ill-looking, gruff and stupid,
Who could not tell a Bacchus from a Cupid.

By the next afternoon he reach'd the city,
From which a vessel was to sail for Cadiz ;
He found his fellow passengers two witty,
Black-eyed and beautiful Castilian ladies—
I rather think that Caroline would fear
To trust her liege and loyal lover here.

But we must leave Don José in the keeping
Of the bright sunbeams and the rushing waters,
The unchain'd winds athwart the billows sweeping,
And a gay pair of Eve's bewitching daughters ;
He could not sail in better company—
Heaven shield him from the perils of the sea !

And how does our fair lady pass her time,
With all she loved thus rudely torn away ?
She never knew the art of spinning rhyme,
With which some ladies kill a rainy day ;

She had no female friend that she could talk to,
And loved one only spot that she would walk to !

Perhaps I have not yet thought fit to give
A short description of the pretty spot,
In which the parties of our story live—
If so, I rather think that I shall not
Trouble myself—it was a country village,
Where people lived entirely by tillage :

A hardy yeomanry, and very tough,
Talking a language quite peculiar to them,
With one small shop, though that was large enough,
A parson, and a shoemaker to shoe them,
One schoolmaster, one tapster, and one lawyer,
One small-beer orator, and one wood-sawyer.

Our lady's father made some hundred thousand,
And growing old and wishing to retire,
Had gone into the country, bought a house and
Numberless acres, called himself Esquire,
And in all probability may live
To be elected representative.

And Caroline was doomed to spend her days
In this poor town, possessing small variety ;

For one who had been shining in the blaze
Of fashion, and the rounds of gay society ;
And much she wished that destiny would send
For company, a lover or a friend.

It happened that Don José, being weak,
Sick, sad and sorely troubled by the blues, went
Into the country to kill birds, and seek
Whatever he could find for his amusement ;
And here he met with Caroline, and fell
Deeply in love, as I have tried to tell.

And then he was obliged to go away,
As I have also told you I believe,
And she was left to weep for many a day,
And, doubly desolate, repine and grieve ;
At least she should have done so, properly,
With a fond suitor on the faithless sea.

But days to days, and weeks to weeks succeed,
While Caroline hears nothing of her lover,
And she grows very much alarm'd indeed,
Praying to all the guardian powers above her,
That they will only once again restore
Don José to her own New England shore.

Meanwhile to this most dear kind of connection,
She had been writing many a pretty letter,
Fill'd duly with the tenderest affection—
I rather think few girls could pen one better ;
She sent them to a friend to send to Spain,
But they came regularly home again

To her old lynx-eyed father, who had taken
Much pains to stop all letters on the way,
In hopes his daughter's passion might be shaken,
Droop, wither, and in course of time decay :
Love to his mind was very like a leaf,
Its hue as changing and its day as brief.

With the same amiable and kind intent,
He cunningly devised a winter trip
To town, and with his fading daughter went
To see how rapidly the time would slip,
With every art of novelty and change
That friendship, wit, or money could arrange.

He thought too that her market might be made,
And so it might if Caroline had chosen,
But sadness cast around her such a shade,
That in it love was absolutely frozen ;

She never heard a single suitor speak
A syllable that flush'd her lily cheek.

She stood amid the crowd of dazzling girls
Who only smiled or spoke to win new praise,
In graceful garb, with a few simple pearls
Twined in her hair, and never cared to raise
A fever in the breasts of brainless youth,
Or listen to their stupid vows of truth.

And when the heartless and the senseless fop
Mumbled his flattering folly in her ear,
With most provoking coolness she would stop,
And idly bid him make himself more clear ;
And tell him that this fancy, and that metaphor,
A little alteration would be better for.

But there was one young gentleman of fifty,
Not to be baffled by a slight reproach,
Of pleasant manners, one-eyed, lame and thrifty,
Keeping some dozen servants and a coach,
A score of horses, chesnut, dun and bay,
His coat was olive and his hair was gray.

He had been wounded in a silly duel,
Which he had fought some thirty years before,

For a wild girl who, after all, proved cruel,
And bade him never come to see her more,
And though for her sake he had lost a limb,
She had lost all partiality for him !

But there was now awaked a brighter passion,
Within a heart that had so long been cold ;
He sported garments of the newest fashion,
And almost sigh'd that he had grown so old ;
He then stood up before the looking-glass,
And thought that uglier men than he might pass.

He loaded her with every touching kindness,
Took her to ride, and all that sort of thing,
And, in the shadow of his passion's blindness,
Gave her rich jewels and a diamond ring ;
She thought it only fatherly esteem,
And of a gentler feeling did not dream.

Winter has pass'd, and spring has come and fled,
And summer crown'd with flowers has hurried by,
On the brown fields the autumn leaves are dead,
And tempests rustle in the winter sky ;
And spring has gone again, and it is June,
And the glad waters murmur a sweet tune.

But where is poor Don José all the while,
For Caroline has heard no news from him?
Has he been stranded on a desert isle,
Or is he sleeping in some sea-cave dim,
And will he never more return to see
How very true a woman's love may be?

Has he proved faithless? That I cannot say—
But only know that Caroline is now
Preparing for a splendid wedding day,
With heavy bosom, but a careless brow.
And who the bridegroom? Why, the man of fifty,
Mention'd above as one-eyed, lame and thrifty.

Her father urged the match, and foam'd and frown'd,
And said that probably her former friend,
Don José, had been either hung or drown'd,
And she, to bring the matter to an end,
Consented, and was looking round to find
A well or tree exactly to her mind.

The breaking of a brilliant marriage dawn!
Balm on the air, and beauty in the sky,
The fresh dew gleaming from the grassy lawn,
And winged birds with music floating by,

And the thrice-happy bridegroom buried deep
In the embrace of overpowering sleep !

A few short hours, and Caroline must be—
' Led to the altar ' many pens would write,
And mine—except that in this country we
But very seldom see that pretty sight :
Marriages here take place most usually
At the bride's residence, just after tea.

And so the matter was arranged at present.
But about noon the to-be happy bride,
Seeing the weather was so very pleasant,
And feeling very wretchedly beside,
Slipp'd silently and secretly away
To weep for the remainder of the day.

Her rapid steps in utter sadness tread
The path that pointed to their favourite bower,
Her heart and hope are altogether dead,
And time brings quickly on the appointed hour ;
When at the turning of a leafy lane—
“ Good heavens, Don José ! have you come again ? ”

It was indeed Don José, only grown
Handsome far than when he went away,

His dark eye with a double lustre shone,
And there was more expression in the play
Of his fine features, which betray'd a stain,
Somewhat like bronzing, they had caught in Spain.

In speechless joy from his barouche he leaps,
And as a thing of course a scene takes place,
And either lover sighs, and sobs, and weeps,
With very touching and becoming grace ;
She tells him had he come one minute late,
It would most probably have seal'd her fate.

But little time was lost in explanation :
He had been wreck'd and bother'd very sadly,
Received much wealth from his deceased relation,
And come to marry her he loved so madly ;
She said it was to be her wedding day—
“ Then we shall be obliged to run away.”

Caroline wisely thought it quite too late,
Idly to interfere with his suggestions,
And they soon reach'd the borders of the state,
Where they will marry folks and ask no questions ;
They had a very interesting ride,
And before night she was Don José's bride.

THE INDIAN BRIDE.

My dear Atterley, you little know the strength of woman's love.

VOYAGE TO THE MOON.

THE funeral mounds, scattered over the fertile plains lying upon the tributaries of the Mississippi, that majestic parent of waters, have, for two centuries, attracted the eye of the solitary hunter, and awakened the sympathies of the humane and contemplative traveller. Within the limits of the state which bears the name of that dark and angry flood, they are usually discovered upon the beautiful levels irrigated by streams, every where intersecting a region of undying verdure, once the dominion and peaceful home of the free-born Indian. Now they exhibit no vestige of his race, save these green and solitary tumuli, at once the monuments of his power and

instability. They are, nevertheless, the sepulchres of brave, generous, and gentle beings. The warrior lies here, whose daring deeds once struck dismay to the soul of the invader; the maiden, whose only monitor was the impulse of a guileless bosom; the matron, whose native virtue and open-handed hospitality cherished unfeeling men, who were ready, even at her fireside, for deeds of violence; and the innocent babe who only averted its eye from her bosom, to sport with the dazzling instrument of merciless slaughter.

Their blood has sunk into the earth, the very echoes sigh out the tale of desolation, silence sits in their solitary places, and corruption awaits the summons which will invest it with immortality, and bid the oppressor and the victim to the awful tribunal of their common God!

But little of the history of this exterminated people is now known; even what remains, comes through the perishable medium of tradition, unstable as the race of which it is a memorial; but it yet furnishes many a tale of high daring, stormy passion and consuming vengeance, of true magnanimity, matchless fidelity and ardent affection—possessing fearful and engrossing interest. One of these traditions is the foundation and material of the present narrative.

About the year 1800, a surveyor of the Natchez district was employed to compromise the differences existing between the landed proprietors, by the resurvey of certain conflicting lines, which produced feuds and collisions fraught with agitation to the community. These lands embraced a large portion of the beautiful plains of Second Creek, as highly esteemed by the aboriginal, as they now are by the civilized occupant. During the progress of the survey, the chain-bearers paused at the foot of a mound, over which the compass directed their course. It was similar in appearance to those ordinarily seen, but of much smaller dimensions, and encircled by trees so disposed as to preclude the supposition that such an arrangement was the result of accident. The mound formed nearly a sharp cone; and from its centre rose the stately shaft of a magnificent oak, whose towering head, wrapped in a cloud of verdure, shaded the entire circumference. The spot was on the extremity of a peninsula, formed by the meanders of the creek, and offered a place of repose so attractive, calm and secluded, that the party halted for refreshment.

The eye of the practised surveyor is extremely acute; his curiosity was on this occasion much excited: and, after a careful examination, he declared

to his companions his belief, that the earth had been raised to mark an important corner.

“If,” said he, “it were larger, I should pronounce the mound to be a place of burial: but the Indians didn’t do these matters in so small a way; they were never over fond of hard work, and instead of digging graves, to save labour, they piled the bodies in layers, you see, one over another, until the height became distressing, and then began again. This little hill would hardly hold a pair.”

“It can’t be a Spanish corner,” said one of his companions, “for this oak grew here long before a Spaniard ever trod the soil; its size speaks it above a hundred years old, and, more than that, it’s a planted tree.”

“Aye, aye,” rejoined the surveyor; “but it may have been set in French times.”

“Hardly,” exclaimed the third; “the Frenchmen, God knows, took as little care of lines and corners as their copper-faced friends. Land was too plenty, in their day, to make them particular about boundaries, even if the lazy devils had been disposed to drive a plough, which they never were. Niggers now, Indians then. The Natchez were the cooks and bottle-washers for Mounseer; and the fattest turkey,

the best quarter of venison, and first choice of women always fell to number one!"

"Spanish or French," now shouted the surveyor triumphantly, "here 's the mark."

His companions hastened to the tree; but though they examined with interested eyes, they could not discover what professional experience so easily distinguished and eagerly pointed out.

"Nothing but the scar of a sore shin," said one, "from a flash of lightning or a falling tree."

"Or the marks of a red-headed ivory bill, or the practising of a January buck," said the other.

"Neither bark, nor bird, nor buck, nor yet a thunderbolt," replied the surveyor, "but the work of man, and done with steel. But hand a hatchet, and the story is soon told."

The axemen were forthwith called, and a chip of large dimensions, running well towards the centre of the tree, was detached, and exposed to view the rude representation of a Roman cross. At this denouement the man of the compass was exceedingly puzzled.

"It was done by the hand of man," said he, "as I told you; but it is no corner. A St. Andrew," he continued very gravely, "would have settled the matter; but a Roman cross was never a surveyor's sign-manual."

Here the investigation ceased; the chain-bearers recommenced their labour, and the whole party proceeded to matters having for them higher interest and greater attraction. Since that period, an aged Indian has related the fragment of a tradition leading to the history of the oak, and of the mound on which it grew. It was intended, as our friend the umpire remarked, only for 'a pair;' and a hapless pair were they who slumbered in that green and silent valley.

The close of the seventeenth century found the adventurous Frenchmen, who penetrated the wilderness of the Mississippi, in great favour with the Natchez nation. The politeness, so proverbial, of this versatile people, and the ease with which they assimilate themselves to the strangers among whom they may be thrown, give them advantages among savage tribes over all other nations. As regards the unfortunate Natchez, the French did not properly appreciate their motives: and the honest effusions of native benevolence were ascribed to duplicity or cowardice.

It is not now intended to detail the wrongs of that race, who were distinguished above every other within the limits of northern America, for the refinement of their manners, the ardour of their affections, the chivalric character of their courage, and the unsus-

pecting hospitality which resulted from this felicitous combination of moral virtues. It is sufficient to allude to the infliction of heartless insult and notorious oppression by the French, and the vindictive spirit which the fiery Indians, driven to desperation, would naturally exhibit.

A young man, whose father bore a commission in the service of the French king, had accompanied him to the Mississippi, at a period when the best intelligence existed between the natives and the emigrant strangers. The youth, though scarcely seventeen, possessed talents of a high order, a sound judgment, and a most ingenuous disposition. His form was just assuming the finest proportions and graces of manhood; and, though withdrawn at this early age from the discipline of the schools, he was deeply imbued with the love of virtue and a thirst after knowledge: indeed, his whole character presented a striking contrast to the reckless spirits by whom he was surrounded. On his arrival in the western world, he became soon charmed with the brave and adventurous character of the natives; he loved to unite in their expeditions in pursuit of game; and, urged on by a spirit of curiosity and enterprize, he roamed far and wide over those vast prairies which spread across

the centre of our continent, and whose western limits are only fixed by the pointed summits of the Rocky Mountains, which dart high into the blue atmosphere, and reigned then, as they yet reign, over vast regions scarcely tributary to man. Settling at length among the Natchez, his kindness and suavity speedily rendered him a favourite. He engaged in their pursuits, and joined in their pastimes: no difficulty subdued his enterprize, no danger repelled his intrepidity. The hunter extolled the keenness of his glance and the fleetness of his foot; the warrior contemplated, with admiration, the calmness of his courage and his self-possession in the hour of peril. Mild and engaging in his manners, as he was dauntless of soul, the children thronged tumultuously around him, and in the warmth of their artless affection they named him 'the good Frenchman.' He climbed the trees for the grape and the peccan; distributed among them the simple ornaments which they admired; gathered wild flowers for their hair, and selected for them the most beautiful feathers, from the spotless heron and rose-coloured flamingo. But beyond the mere desire of pleasing, he aimed at being useful; and he instructed this docile people, so far as they came within his influence, in those domestic arts





most calculated to prove beneficial. To the elder he taught agriculture and the manual occupations adapted to their capacities; to the younger, the literature of his native land; and to all he held out, in their grandeur and sublimity, the bright promises of that religion which influenced his own actions and exalted his virtues.

Among the pupils of St. Pierre was the daughter of a chief, in whose family he maintained the most friendly intercourse. She was, at this period, but twelve years of age, and in his estimation, as well as in fact, a child. She listened with delight to his instructions, and her attentive manners and entire confidence won his affections, while her expanding intellect promised the most gratifying success in the cultivation of her mind. This result became daily more evident; his exertions were redoubled, and, in the lapse of four years, the native genius of the interesting Natchez shone forth in intellectual beauty.

She was named, in the figurative language of her race, 'the Morning Star.' St. Pierre, in playfulness, or for the sake of brevity, called her Etoile. They at length became inseparable; they walked together through the boundless forests, which bloomed in their native beauty around them; together, they trod

the margin of that stream whose living waters, even at that early day, bore upon their bosom the silver strains of melody, and which now, in the holy calm of a summer sunset, or beneath the glittering serenity of a mellow moon, are unsurpassed in brightness; together they admired the sublime works of the Creator—distant and resplendent worlds wheeling in their immensity, their silent majesty, and their unapproachable magnificence; and together they knelt in adoration of the Almighty Author, amidst the stupendous works of his hands and the evidences of his omnipotence.

Is it necessary to ask, if hearts thus in unison had imbibed other sentiments than those which characterized their earlier intercourse; or whether the enthusiasm of the instructor, and the emulation of the pupil had not been exchanged for mutual admiration and deep and ardent affection? At the age of twenty-one, manly grace distinguished the stately form of St. Pierre; and sixteen summers had unfolded the beauties and matured the attractions of this child of the wilderness, whom he now loved beyond all the world beside.

At this period of our narrative, the encroachments of the French had attained a point which became

intolerable to the Natchez, and every circumstance unequivocally proved that opportunity alone was wanting to bring down retributive vengeance on the aggressors. Intercourse had gradually decreased, mistrust took possession of the minds of the French, and they resumed, in appearance at least, the discipline of a military post. St. Pierre had witnessed these indications with regret, and saw the approach of a storm, ominous in its aspect, and destined, at no distant period, to burst with unexampled fury.

The stern warrior, who had heretofore regarded the intimacy of the Christian youth and his daughter with the indifference of a barbarian, was unsuspecting of that league of the heart which united them. He announced to them that their intercourse must terminate. To St. Pierre he declared that faith and truce with his nation were at an end, and that his person would be unsafe among the Indians; for the Natchez warriors were sworn to immutable hate and deadly vengeance.

"I have no crime to allege against St. Pierre," said the chief, "but that he is a Frenchman. Go again across the great lake, over which your nation have come, to the distress and ruin of an unoffending people. You are now safe: when we meet again,

which I hope we may not, it must be as enemies, in battle. The spirits of my slaughtered children, from the deep gloom of our forests, cry aloud for blood."

Arguments were lost on the inexorable warrior. St. Pierre urged with impassioned eloquence every motive by which he hoped to attain his purpose. As a friend to the Natchez and a Frenchman, he proposed a mediation between the exasperated parties, and hinted at a new and permanent compact.

"We have sworn by our God," said the old man, pointing to the sun, whose setting beams seemed to linger among his white locks as if to listen, "we have sworn by our God, and the oath is irrevocable."

But when the unhappy lovers confessed the nature of their attachment, the glance which met the submissive look of the trembling girl, too plainly indicated the high displeasure of her father. He upbraided her as one unworthy of her lineage and nation, who could consent to mingle her blood with the enemies of her race. He spurned the idea with scorn; and bade her prepare for a union with a warrior of her own tribe.

This sentence Etoile and St. Pierre knew to be irrevocable. They contrived, however, to arrange, during the hasty interview, a mode and place of

meeting, should opportunity permit; they renewed their pledges of unalterable attachment, and resigned themselves to their fate, anticipating more auspicious days. Weeks elapsed, but the obstacles presented to a meeting, in the increased vigilance of the hostile parties, were almost insurmountable. Circumstances now transpired, rendering action indispensable, without regard to consequences. Etoile was informed by her father that the period of her marriage with a warrior of the Natchez was fixed, and that the young and brave of the nation were to signalize the occasion by a hunting party, such as had not been witnessed in their generation. She betrayed no emotion, seemed to acquiesce in the wishes of her father, but determined to avoid, at any hazard, a fate to her more awful than death.

By the promise of a great reward, she induced a young Indian to bind himself to her service. She instructed him to proceed by night to the French encampment, cautiously to approach the chain of sentinels, and to send an arrow, which she had prepared, within the lines. To it she attached a small piece of paper, on which was inscribed, in emblematic characters, the intelligence she was desirous of communicating to St. Pierre. She informed him that at

the rising of the moon, on the night appointed for her marriage, she would meet him at a place designated by her, that they might fly from scenes which, to them both, were fraught with peril. This communication, being firmly fixed to the arrow, was given to the messenger, who faithfully performed his engagement. The missile was picked up in the morning by one of the soldiers; curiosity, surmises and suspicions were excited, but no explanation could be made of what was called 'the Indian picture.' It circulated among the officers, day after day, until all excitement ceased, and the incident was forgotten. To St. Pierre it presented no mystery; and he silently and joyfully prepared to obey the summons. The eventful moment at length arrived. Etoile appeared calm and even happy. Arrayed in the picturesque costume of her nation, heightened in effect by her own exquisite taste, she never looked more beautiful or seemed more tranquil. Suspicion was thus disarmed, and she was left to the exercise of her own inclination.

The young warriors had accompanied their companion, whose singular good fortune was that day to be completed in the possession of the most lovely maiden of her tribe, upon an expedition which her

father had represented to her as one of hunting, in honour of her bridal. The party was to return at night and the marriage to be solemnized amidst general rejoicing. Towards the close of the day Etoile wandered off, as if accidentally, from her unsuspecting companions; and pursuing her object with great rapidity, a few hours brought her to the place of meeting, agreed upon with St. Pierre. The latter had arrived before her, and they were once more in each other's arms. No time was to be lost; the night was advancing, and they knew that the absence of the intended bride must soon be discovered. They therefore turned their steps towards the French camp as a place of present refuge, resolved to remain there until opportunity should enable them to reach a seaport, whence they might embark for Europe.

But what a scene awaited them! They were surprised on reaching the lines, to find their approach undiscovered and unobstructed. The challenge of the sentinel, the hum of the camp, the roll of the evening drum were unheard; and the solitude of the desert, only broken by the ominous shriek of the owl, fell heavily upon their hearts. They reached what had once been the encampment of the French, where a smouldering heap of ruins, and the ghastly spectacle

of mangled and consuming carcasses, too surely indicated the fate of the ill-starred garrison. So secret had been the plan of the Natchez, and so fatal their expedition, which, under the disguise of a hunting party, was intended against the French, that they fell upon them at sunset and massacred them to a man. This was the chase destined to distinguish the marriage pageant of a warrior's daughter, and was emphatically called by the Indians 'the hunt of the French dogs.'

The onset was made and the catastrophe accomplished, during the time occupied by St. Pierre and Etoile in reaching the place agreed upon for an interview. To describe their sensations were a hopeless attempt, nor had they leisure for the indulgence of unavailing sorrow. Danger pressed sharply upon them; for they well knew that pursuit would be speedy.

At the distance of thirty miles, on the route to the next French post, there lived, in safety and seclusion, a venerable priest of the Roman Catholic order; he had retired from the irreligion and depravity which latterly degraded the French, and undisturbed by the Indians, who respected him for his humanity and spotless life, devoted his days to prayer and contem-

plation. To the hospitality of this holy man they therefore resolved to commit themselves, in order to solicit his services in the solemnization of their marriage ; after which, it was their determination to seek the sea-board and sail for France. In the prosecution of these intentions, they entered the wilderness, and on the following evening reached the residence of the priest. He received them with kindness, and heard the sad fate of his countrymen with undissembled grief: but well knowing the vigilance, sagacity, and matchless perseverance of the Indians, the good man urged them to prosecute their flight without unnecessary delay. He first confirmed their vows in the holy sacrament of marriage, and pronounced their indissoluble union. A hasty repast was provided by their host, a blessing pronounced, and again they sought the depths of the forest. The moon rose in cloudless majesty, seeming, by the cold serenity which sat upon her changeless disk, to mock the thousand emotions which alternately agitated the wanderers. St. Pierre, well versed in the habits of the Indians, pursued his path through the most intricate woods and defiles. On reaching a stream, the fugitives would plunge into the water and follow its meanders a long distance, that their trace might be

lost to their pursuers. In the practice of these and similar stratagems, they passed the night. On the ensuing morning the sun shone out in splendour, the forest resounded with the gush of music, hope held out bright prospects for the future, and their spirits seemed to react under these reflections and the vivifying beauties of the coming day. Exhausted nature, however, after such exertions, required repose; and the sun had passed the zenith before the wearied youth awoke from the false visions which transported him, with that beloved one, to home and kindred, far from persecution and danger, among the green hills and sunny glades of his own vine-clad land. Etoile was yet slumbering by his side, and he most unwillingly dispersed the fair dreams which seemed to impart to her repose unbroken serenity. They now arose: the evening was delightful, the sky was unobscured by a cloud, and a balmy and refreshing breeze, with almost a conviction of safety, inspired the travellers with renewed vigour. Apprehension, though thus allayed, was not banished from their minds. The anxious and vigilant St. Pierre had paused frequently within an hour, as if in the attitude of listening: he climbed a tree to the topmost branch, and again descending, pressed his ear closely to the earth.

“ My fears are groundless,” said he, “ it is but the moaning of the forest wind.”

“ But hark ! Again ? Pshaw ! It is the cry of the wolf ; he is early on the chase ; some straggling deer has passed his den, and the savage is roused by the scent of blood.”

And now at briefer intervals there came upon the breeze, low and broken, but not unmelodious sounds, like the closing ring of a distant guitar, or the parting wail of an Eolian harp ; now for a moment pausing, as if in doubt and perplexity, and again bursting forth in the ecstasy of triumph. The strain came booming on, the deep notes swelled out to their fullest scope, and pealed sullenly among the drowsy echoes of these deathlike solitudes.

“ It is not the cry of the wolf,” resumed the agitated St. Pierre ; “ nor yet the yell of the panther ; and dogs, there are none in this wilderness.”

The wild sounds, now opening from the highlands and approaching the valley where the travellers stood, fell coldly on the heart of the terrified girl : for it was beyond a doubt, that a foot, unerring as death, hung like destiny on their flight. Etoile flung back her luxuriant hair, turned her ear towards the quarter whence the sounds proceeded, and a fixed look of speechless amazement too truly told the sequel.

“It is the bay of Sanglant,” at length she exclaimed; “we are lost, for ever lost! My father’s blood-hound is out, and when this cry is heard, death—death is on the wind. Faith herself may now abandon hope.”

With but sufficient strength to utter these words, the agonized wife sunk into the arms of her husband.

They proved too true. The Indians, unexpectedly baffled by the stratagems of the fugitives, had well nigh abandoned pursuit. At this juncture it was fatally proposed to dispatch a runner for the favourite dog of the chief. He was of an illustrious stock, but unfavourably known in the cruel history of the early emigrants to Cuba; celebrated for staunchness and indomitable courage, for great vigour of limb, incredible powers of scent, and of matchless endurance in the chase. His sagacity upon this occasion had not been too highly appreciated, and his cry, which never deceived, was hailed by the Natchez with a shout of savage exultation. St. Pierre, convinced that flight or resistance would prove equally desperate and unavailing, submitted in silence and with unshaken fortitude; but his disconsolate companion, overcome by the various emotions which had so rapidly agitated her soul, lay helplessly in his arms. They were thus made captives by the triumphant Indians.

The prisoners were reconducted to the village: the good father, who knew well the fate prepared for St. Pierre, saw the party on their return, and accompanied them, in order to afford to the condemned those consolations, which Christianity always confers in mortal extremity. In a solemn council of the nation the unfortunate Frenchman was condemned to the stake, amidst the lamentation of women and the heart-rending cries of children, to all of whom he was endeared by a thousand tender recollections. The preliminaries to such an execution are too well known to require description; they are such at least as humanity shrinks from contemplating.

The hour arrived, and the victim, serene and undismayed, was bound to the tree. Over his head hung a gorgeous image of the sun; as if the sacrifice, then to be offered, would prove acceptable to that divinity. It might have been affixed there in derision of the holy faith of the sufferer. In many circles of great height, increasing from the centre, were disposed the combustibles destined to terminate this awful tragedy.

Etoile, the bride—the wife, was there too; and she viewed the preparations with the calm and steady eye of an indifferent spectator. Not a tear dimmed

her dark eye, not an intercession escaped her lips; for tears and prayers, she well knew, could hope for no sympathy among the fierce and relentless spirits of her nation. She was attired in her bridal dress, disposed with the utmost regard to elegance and taste; at her belt, almost concealed by the folds of the tunic, hung a small hatchet, and, pressed to her bosom, she bore a silver cross, presented by her husband in days of peace and happiness. Through the top was drilled an opening, in which was inserted a strong and sharp bone either of fish or fowl. Little regard was paid to her, in the engrossing interest which attracted all eyes to the pile, now bursting into a blaze. The smoke and flame wreathed up into wild and fearful eddies. Etoile suddenly sprang forward into the line of fire, which repelled the near approach of the executioners.

"I come, my love," she exclaimed, "I come. In life or death I am for ever thine. Neither the cruelty of man nor the terrors of the grave shall sever us! The emblem under which we die, assures us of another and a happier home!"

At the same instant she struck the image of the sun from the stake, and with a single blow of her hatchet planted the cross in its place; then, embracing the sinking form of her husband, she yielded up her noble spirit.

The aged priest collected their ashes, raised the mound in which they were deposited, and encircled it with the most lovely trees of the forest. He planted the oak which has been described, and engraved upon it the sign of the cross, a simple memorial of Christian faith and mortal suffering.

LORD BYRON IN EARLY YOUTH.

BY JAMES N. BARKER.

BEAUTIFUL boy ! Ah, what prophetic eye,
Perusing that fair form of youthful grace,
Would read its timeless wreck : who would descry
The sick soul in that look of light ; or trace
The path of care o'er that unfurrow'd face ?—
Beautiful boy ! the canker of thy bloom
Too early came, the spring of life to chase ;
Stamping, upon thy wither'd youth, the doom
That made existence vain, and thy true home, the
tomb.

Was it thy fault, or fate ! A future age
Will answer truly. Earth is now too rude,
In fitting characters thy name to page.
Thou hast offended, in thy scornful mood,
The hypocrite, the bigot and the prude.

With them thy better thoughts have vainly striven ;
 But with the just, the generous, and the good,
 Thy fate will be deplored, thy faults forgiven,
 And thy immortal soul deem'd not unworthy heaven.

Thy fault !—Who led thy wandering steps of youth,
 And taught thee mildness by a mild control ?
 Who disciplined thy erring mind to truth,
 And tamed the burning passions in thy soul ?
 Who fanned thy flame of genius ? On the scroll
 Of honour's candidates, who wrote thy name,
 To urge thee to ambition's noble goal ?
 Who made thy home a temple to thy fame,
 And met thee with a breast of sympathetic flame ?

Not one, not one. When destiny decreed
 Transcendant genius and a soul to feel
 With poignant sense, as jealous of the meed,
 Thy fate denied all else. Thou hadst, to heal
 Thy wounded spirit, in its fond appeal,
 A mother's blasting taunts ; in thy bright way,
 The ban dogs bay'd, till scourged with lash of steel ;
 Kindred fell off, friends fail'd, and SHE, the ray
 That should have bless'd thy home, in cold clouds
 quench'd thy day.

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What wonder then, if far from human kind,
Thy spirit sought the depths of gloom and night ;
Whence the fierce heavings of thy giant mind
Earth heard and felt : till on the startled sight
Burst the volcano, beautiful and bright,
But fearful in sublimity ; a well
Pouring its living fires, which, shedding light
O'er a whole world, wither'd where'er they fell,
Till superstition deem'd their fountain was in hell.

But lo, the earthquake of the soul had pass'd,
And thy freed spirit look'd on brighter skies ;
The wail of suffering Greece came on the blast,
And glory offered thee her brightest prize.
Byron, 'tis thine ! amidst a nation's cries,
Thou sank'st immortal on thy field of fame,
Champion of freedom—thy pure name defies
The touch of time : death sanctifies the claim,
And join'd to thy own Greece, will flourish BYRON'S
name.

I AM NO LONGER YOUNG, DEAR.

BY ROBERT SWEENEY.

SOME five and twenty years ago
What troubles woman cost me !
My heart would like a furnace glow
If but her shadow cross'd me.
My hand would tingle to her touch,
As if by bees 'twere stung, dear.
But things have varied very much,
I am no longer young, dear.

My eyes from out their sockets glared
To catch each glimpse of beauty ;
My lips, whene'er to speak they dared,
Breath'd only vows of duty ;
My ears suck'd in each honey'd word
That trickled from her tongue, dear.
But now all this appears absurd,
I am no longer young, dear.

Of her I dream'd the live-long day,
On her by night I ponder'd ;
E'en when at church I sought to pray,
To her my fancy wander'd.
For her alone my muse would sing,
And gaily then she sung, dear.
But now 'tis quite a different thing,
I am no longer young, dear.

My cheek is pale, my pulse is low,
My limbs begin to falter ;
My eyes are dim, my health so so—
How constitutions alter !
My mind has lost its wonted power,
My nerves are all unstrung, dear ;
And something whispers every hour,
I am no longer young, dear.

'Tis strange—in sooth 'tis passing strange
That time, upon us stealing,
Should work so wonderful a change
In every thought and feeling.
Why kneel I not where once I knelt,
Love's votaries among, dear ?
Why feel I not as once I felt ?
I am no longer young, dear.

And yet e'en now, to tell the truth,
When all is gloom around me,
Will sometimes gleam a flash of youth
To show what once it found me.
And then I turn me to the glass—
And then, by anguish wrung, dear,
I'm forced to own, alas, alas,
I am no longer young, dear.

STANZAS TO A SISTER.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
And sunless riches from affection's deep
To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower,
To make them idols and to find them clay
And to bewail that worship—therefore pray.

MRS. HEMANS.

Aye, mark the strain, sweet sister! watch and pray,
Wean thy young stainless heart from earthly things.
Oh! wait not thou till life's best morning ray
Only o'er wither'd hopes its radiance flings,
But give to heaven thy sinless spirit now,
Ere sorrow's tracery mar that placid brow.

Gentle and pure thou art—yet is thy soul
Fill'd with a maiden's vague and pleasant dreams.

Sweet fantasies, that mock at thought's control,
Like atoms round thee, float in fancy's beams ;
But trust them not, young dreamer, bid them flee,
They have deceived all others, and will thee.

Well can I read thy dreams—thy gentle heart,
Already woman's in its wish to bless,
Now longs for one to whom it may impart
Its untold wealth of hidden tenderness,
And pants to learn the meaning of the thrill
Which wakes when fancy stirs affection's rill.

Thou dreamest too of happiness—the deep
And placid joy which poets paint so well ;
Alas ! man's passions, even when they sleep,
Like ocean's waves are heaved with secret swell,
And they who hear the frequent half-hush'd sigh
Know 'tis the wailing of the storm gone by.

Vain, vain are all such visions !—couldst thou know
The secrets of a woman's weary lot,
Oh ! couldst thou read, upon her pride-veil'd brow,
Her wasted tenderness, her love forgot,
In humbleness of heart thou wouldst kneel down,
And pray for strength to wear her victim crown.

But thou wilt do as all have done before,
And make thy heart for earthly gods a shrine ;
There all affection's priceless treasures pour,
There hope's fair flowers in votive garlands twine ;
And thou wilt meet the recompense all must,
Who give to mortal love their faith and trust.

THE AFRIC'S DREAM.

BY MISS E. M. CHANDLER.

WHY did ye wake me from my sleep? it was a dream
of bliss!

And ye have torn me from that land to pine again in
this.

Methought, beneath yon whispering tree, that I was
laid to rest,

The turf, with all its wither'd flowers, upon my cold
heart press'd.

My chains, these hateful chains, were gone—oh,
would that I might die,

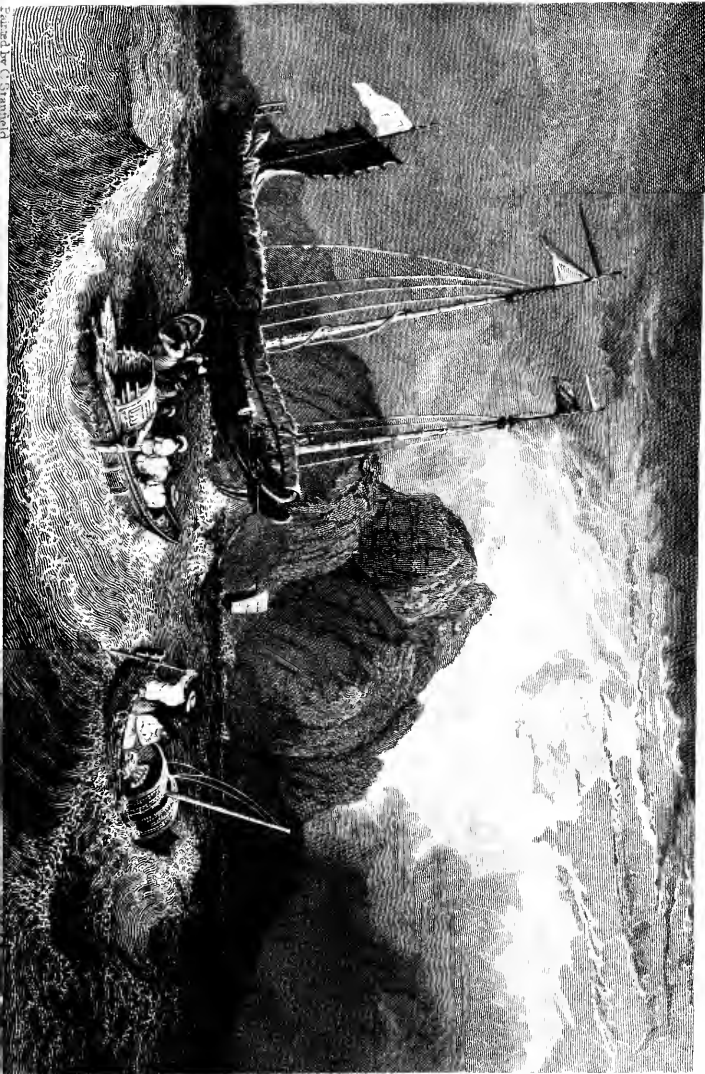
So from my swelling pulse I could for ever cast them
by!

And on, away o'er land and sea, my joyful spirit
pass'd,

Till, 'neath my own banana-tree, I lighted down at
last.

TIGER ISLAND.

SHOULD there chance be among the readers of this volume, any one who has ever visited the Celestial Empire, he may remember to have passed, near the mouth of the river of Canton, an island whose steep cliffs, and the rounded tops of whose mountains rise high against the horizon. The waves of the ocean, when roused by the fierce gales that often spring up in those tropical regions, dash with tremendous fury against the coast; and the frail barks and vessels of the natives may be seen, at such periods, shunning with every effort the dangerous shore. When, however, the long calms, which often prevail, remove every sense of danger, or when gentler breezes do not excite the fears of the native mariners, who are expert though their craft is rude, they are found lying, many at a time, under the shadows of the mountains of Tiger Island.





It is a spot rendered sacred by a celebrated temple dedicated to Confucius, where the sayings of that great sage are emblazoned in singular characters and with great pomp along the walls ; but where perhaps they are not more zealously regarded, than are the words of other law-givers and holy men in other countries. Nor is this the only circumstance which makes the island a place of frequent resort. It is a custom of the Chinese, not without its utility as well as its intrinsic moral beauty, to devote uncommon care to the sepulchres of their ancestors. They select for them always some lovely spot, not the crowded and confined space which an obscure corner of a populous city affords, but where nature has been lavish of her charms. The round summits of verdant hills, the deep bosoms of fertile and secluded valleys, the shores of the blue ocean fanned by gentle gales, are adorned with monuments, seen from afar, where lie in peace for ages the remains of ancestors, who are remembered and loved by their posterity. To such spots the descendants repair once a year, and they delight to celebrate, as their gayest and most splendid festival, the period at which they thus assemble to honour the virtues of those from whom they are sprung.

We are little inclined to admire, much less to

follow, the customs of nations remote from ourselves ; and we are happy in that vanity, common to our race, which denounces, as inferior to ourselves, most people who vary from us in the habits of life. Yet few, perhaps none, who have witnessed the tombs scattered through the remoter kingdoms of Eastern Asia ; few who have witnessed the annual pilgrimages of their people to the sepulchres of their forefathers ; have failed to regret or to denounce that system, which heaps indiscriminately together, in the midst of the busiest haunts, the remains of human beings.

A VISION.

BY AMELIA OPIE.

I DREAMT a dream ! a waking dream,
For it came with the morn's first yellow beam ;
And methought I saw, in its gathering rays,
A vision of long departed days.
It bore me away to a distant strand
Where I heard the tongue of my native land ;
There warriors met with eyes of fire,
And darkly frown'd in their patriot ire ;
While I saw, as their banners were raised on high,
Their motto was ' death or liberty.'
My country's motto ! But oh, I found
Her enemies breathed the well known sound ;
While England, overwhelming thought !
Against the cause of freedom fought.
Then lo ! a chief with a thoughtful mien,
I saw arise midst the restless scene,

And o'er that scene's chaotic night
He beam'd with a pure and guiding light.
And soon to his flag, from the Gallic shore,
Came a noble youth the rough seas o'er ;
And others from thence his steps pursued,
Their hearts with freedom's love imbued ;
And quickly learnt, on that distant spot,
A lesson they never, no never forgot.
And they fought and conquer'd on freedom's side,
With the chief, Columbia's noblest pride,
Till the tide of war was turn'd on her foes,
Till her eagle, in air, triumphant arose ;
And the shout was heard over land and sea,
' Our cause is blest and Columbia free.'
Then wisdom spoke by that chieftain's voice,
When call'd to rule by the people's choice :
But soon, for his country's wish too soon,
He resigned his sway, that country's boon ;
Repair'd again to the sylvan shade,
To the ploughshare turn'd his patriot blade ;
And greater than king in his jewel'd crown,
Was he, when he laid his greatness down.
And when that summons, which comes to all,
Threw over this loved one the funeral pall,
A people wept o'er his simple grave,
Where nought but the cedar branches wave ;

How needless to him, a tomb to raise,
Whose fame must live to the end of days !
In a country, through his labours free,
Shall future ages his trophies see ;
On a people's hearts, not on senseless stone,
Is engraven the name of WASHINGTON.

PLYMOUTH BAY.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

It may, with justice, be said of the person whose feelings and sufferings are recorded in the following narrative, that, if at times he evinced a mind somewhat unsettled by early sufferings, those occasional aberrations were much less to be remarked, than a careful subdual of interested motives, and an evident solicitude to contribute to the ease and happiness of those with whom he associated. His death, which occurred in February last, placed his papers and other effects in the hands of one who knew him in boyhood, and enjoyed his friendship for several of the last years of his life. The following sketch is supposed to form a part of a more comprehensive narrative, as it was found necessary to suppress many extraneous particulars, having evident relation to circumstances and events not therein noticed.

‘HE jests at scars that never felt a wound’ is a quotation that I have felt much disposed to make, when others have indulged in observations upon death, considered only with reference to its physical effects. The duties of some give them such continual discourse with the mental powers, that it may be doubted whether they allow sufficient importance to the ‘outer man.’ Like them, I yield the palm to the nobler reasoning faculties. But the relations of mind and matter are so intimate, that I regard pain and all physical suffering with something less of stoicism than many appear to exercise ; and consequently, where the means of happiness have not been removed, life is to me worth a struggle, and death, for its pains alone, is to be avoided. Like them I look for a glorious immortality ; like them I hope to meet the ‘spirits of just men made perfect ;’ and could earthly perfection intercede—though perhaps I err——yet it is soothing to believe, at least to think, that long enduring faith, the hourly remembered affection, are seen, are smiled on—but again I err.

Plymouth Bay, in Massachusetts, consecrated, in the history of our country, as the asylum of the pilgrim fathers, is an expanse of water about thirty miles in circumference, almost entirely surrounded by land : its entrance is between a small promontory on the

north, called the Gurnet, and a contiguous opposite point, the extremity of a beach. On the south eastern side of this bay lie Plymouth town and township. North of these is Kingston, adjoining which and extending along the remainder of the shore, is Duxbury. At full tide there is no expanse of water in America that can compare with this bay; and that of Naples itself owes, I am persuaded, any preference to which it may be entitled, rather to the softness of its southern sky and its more populous shores, than to the natural beauties of its borders, contiguous heights, and heaven-reflecting bosom.

The shores of Plymouth Bay, where not lined by wharves and other appliances of commerce, are diversified with shelving gravel, smooth white sands, bold precipitous rocks, and high and beetling promontories which jut over their bases swept by the sinuous channel and fretted by the winter's storms; and, here and there, a green receding meadow varies the view and gives placidity to the landscape. It is possible, only possible, that I entertain a partiality for this scene that leads me to some enthusiasm in its description. But let him who so imagines, go and rest for hours upon the margin of this bay, see the blue heights of Monument trembling at a distance in the haze that an August heat creates, while before and

on each hand, the swelling tide rises gradually upon the shores without rippling the surface of the water ; the bold and solitary mount of Duxbury, springing up in tasteful symmetry from the borders of the waters that show, deep in their bosom, the image of the over-topping height.

I have inhaled health in infancy from this bay ; in boyhood I have chased along its margin, or with a boat dashed across the expanse of its waters with a swiftness that vied with the speed of the curlew of its shores ; and manhood, even at this period, derives its most abstracting themes of contemplation from a recollection of events that transpired on and near its glassy surface. Hence its shores and their indentations, its green waters and romantic heights, are as fresh in my recollection, as if it was but yesterday that I ranged along its sands.

Following the customs of that section of the country, I, in early life, attached myself with reciprocated affection to a female of my own age ; and, with the approval of friends, prepared for marriage. I remember now no circumstance that gave our affection any colouring to render it remarkable in the sight of others ; though doubtless by ourselves it was regarded as altogether peculiar. It is in the selfishness of our nature to think, that what we enjoy of pleasure or

endure of pain, exceeds that of a similar character mingled in the experience of others : nor indeed are we to regard this as matter for wonder, inasmuch as we are able to understand and appreciate all that affects our own feelings, while we know nothing of another's sensations but what is manifest in his speech or deportment. He who is 'writ with me in sour misfortune's book,' knows full well how inexpressible are those joys, few and scattered as they are, that bless the memory with the recollection of youth's dream of happiness ; and how unutterable are those sorrows that rest heaviest upon the heart, and give sadness to the remembrance of early years.

The last day of June was assigned for my marriage, and the twentieth had arrived. She—what her name is in heaven I know not, on earth there can be no necessity of pronouncing it—she was, in fulfilment of an engagement, passing two or three days with a near relation of my family residing on the margin of the bay, at a short distance from our native village ; and it was arranged that I should convey her home in a boat.

Taking advantage of the ebb tide, I descended the river about noon, and in less than an hour found myself in the centre of Plymouth Bay. As the tide rapidly subsided, and the tops of the flats became

bare, I was soon enabled to draw my boat up on the soft sand, and commence a half hour's shooting.

The point of land formed by an abrupt bend in the channel, or by the confluence of several channels at that place, was not so high as the north western part of the flat nearly a mile towards Duxbury; to that point I directed my course in the certainty of finding game. After amusing myself for some time, my attention was aroused by the muttering of distant thunder; I looked, and the whole southern horizon was black with a cloud that threatened a tempest of no ordinary severity. As the wind, changing to that quarter, would be adverse to my return, I hastened to my boat in order to gain the shore before the storm should commence. I had proceeded scarcely a quarter of the distance ere I perceived that the tide had already risen several feet, by which means my boat had floated, and was then smoothly gliding up the channel. Before I had completed my preparations for reaching the boat by swimming, the storm that I would have avoided, burst upon me with a wind of fearful violence. The boat, yielding to the impulses of the gale, was for a moment driven directly towards me with the velocity of a bird, when meeting in the throat of the channel with a new current, it veered a point or

two, and, receiving the wind upon the side, was upset. Being ballasted with stones, it immediately sank.

There were then left me no means of escape. My signals of distress could not be discerned through the rain and hail from the shore, and it would have been impossible, in such a turmoil of the elements, to raise my voice so that it could be heard at a distance of twenty rods; and even though my friends there should be apprized of my situation, it would scarcely be possible for a boat to live in such a tempest: add to this, the tide was rising rapidly, and would soon cover the flats far beyond my height. With this consciousness, pressed closer home by the depth of water already around me, I sought the highest ground with the view of availing myself of every means of avoiding death, or at least of protracting life to the utmost. The tide swelled with awful rapidity, and, ere I reached the eminence, it was three feet deep upon it. Feeling with painful exactness, I ascertained the spot that might be considered its summit, and from that point I shouted with a depth of voice that almost astonished myself. For miles down the wind, my cries might have been heard, mingling with the hissing of the hail and the screaming of the blast;

but there was no human being in that direction to catch a tone : and against the wind—I might as well have called into the tombs of the prophets.

The waters rose about me, and I felt them at my breast, while the sprays were dashed wild and far above my head, and the foam of the waves almost choked me as I attempted to cry out.

Inch by inch the tide gained upon me. I placed the gun beneath my feet to save a few moments ; but the sand upon which I rested shifted with its new weight, and I sank to my former level. I felt that even could I maintain an upright posture, in the pelting of the hail and the wild dashing of the water ; yet soon, even the hollow of the wave would cease to sink below my mouth, and as every successive surge beat me to a new station, I was not certain that the next would not wash me into the channel.

It is now almost a subject of shame to me, that I clung to life, even at that time, with such a craven grasp. I felt the water bubbling at my ears and the sand slide from my feet. Death seemed inevitable ; and yet I exhausted my strength, but not in prayer, nor in the deep cries of repentance, nor in the violence of supplication for mercy. My whole thought and my

whole exertions were for life. I screamed again and again, and the hoarse discordance of my voice floated away unheeded on the blast. I threw aside the waves, as if my importance could contend with the upheaved deep. But my strength was fast wasting away; the hail lacerated my face, head, and neck, until the blood poured in streams from me, and my exertions could not, I felt, be longer continued, although the storm was evidently abating. Again the waters bubbled in my ears, and again I put forth a feeble effort; but a gust of wind and a heavy wave forced me from my standing, and I sunk into the channel towards which I had been unconsciously sliding.

The time I retained consciousness could scarcely have exceeded a minute; yet thoughts of years rushed through my mind. The cherished object of youthful affection was first; though not far behind, was the remembrance of those whom I had ever revered and loved. I was sensible of a strange oppression at my breast; fearful noises were sounding in my ears, and I was going down—down an interminable depth, and with every foot's descent the pain was doubled. At length the noise subsided; a low hissing ran through my head; the oppression at my breast was removed; a glow of

warmth came over my limbs, and all efforts or desire to escape ceased. I experienced those sensations common to the sick under the operation of an opiate. Slight visions of pleasure passed before me : *she* was in them, the first in giving and receiving delight. I saw her glide away, among a thousand others to whom the hills and rocks offered no let. I followed her with an aching gaze, until the bright light in which she was seen went out, and with it faded away all the vision of beauty. I felt not only that I was alone, but all sensation was dying within me. My last consciousness was a wild whizzing in my ears, and a fading gleam of light ;—my last thoughts were, ‘ this is death.’

When I returned again to perfect consciousness, I was lying in a bed free from pain, yet so exceedingly weak as scarcely to be able to take cognizance of the place in which I found myself ; a cool bracing breeze from the salt water, borne in through an open window, soon convinced me that I was in the house of my relative. I listened attentively, and soon distinguished a light footfall upon the stairs, the door opened without a noise, and some one approached the bed. I felt a cold hand upon my moist brow. I opened my eyes and discovered one bending over me in breathless solicitude. It was *she*—but how changed !

The hue of health had faded from her cheeks, and her eye had lost its lustre. I gazed with fear. I sickened at the heart at such a wasting away of loveliness. There was, indeed, a hectic flush upon her cheek, but around it was ashy paleness; her high forehead was colourless and cold as marble, and as she leaned over me, she, with difficulty, suppressed a cough.

Those who live in that section of the country where age, fever and accident slay their thousands, and consumption its ten thousands, have learned to judge, with mournful truth, of the betokenings of that fell destroyer of our kind. The wasting away of flesh and strength may sometimes be remedied by skilful medical treatment and change of air. The deep racking cough, convulsing the whole frame, yields at times to wholesome pectorals. The livid visage too regains its healthful flush by caution and time. But there is one prognostic of incurable consumption that never fails. No power of medicine or change of climate can bring relief to the sufferer upon whom that sign is placed. The light from a window struck upon the side of her head, and by accident my eye rested upon her ear—it was deadly white; there was not upon it one hue of life. My soul

sickened at the unerring symbol of approaching dissolution, and, folding her in my arms, I sank back upon my pillow in the bitterness of despair.

It was some time before I recovered strength to leave my bed. On the first day of my walking round the room, I was struck with the haggardness of my visage as I saw it reflected in a glass, and on looking more closely I discovered that my hair was as gray as that of decrepid age. My sufferings on the flat and in the channel were partially recalled; yet they seemed rather connected with the narration of another person than as a part of my own experience: still I was not permitted to speak of them during my weakness; and when I attempted to gain information of the manner in which I had been preserved, I was admonished of the necessity of implicit submission to the direction of the physician.

As I daily gained strength, it was but too obvious to me that she, for whose sake alone life and strength seemed valuable to me, was yielding to the influences of a disease that increased with fatal rapidity.

On the morning of the day appointed for me to leave my relative's house, we wandered across the fields to the margin of the bay, and sat down upon the top of a high rock that hung a precipice over the water. While gazing on a scene ever capable of

affording delight, I recalled, as far as possible, the particulars of my recent sufferings and narrated them to her, though not with the distinctness with which I have now particularized them to you. I then learned from her the manner of my rescue.

She had, with a part of the family, walked into the fields and strayed to the place where we were then sitting. While there, the threat of a tempest alarmed them, and they started, at their utmost speed, to regain the house before it should burst upon them. Unable to keep pace with her companions, she was soon left alone; when, recollecting the situation in which she had seen me, and observing my boat to strike adrift, she turned back and regained the rock upon which she and her companions had been standing.

She watched the motion of the boat, and saw with pleasure that the current and wind drove it so near me, that I could reach it by swimming. She saw the waters gaining fast upon the flats, witnessed the effect of the first gust upon the boat, and finally saw it fill with water and founder. Her first determination was to hasten to the house and procure help; but recollecting that there were none but females there, she started at once towards the wharf, nearly a mile south, hoping to find some one who would volunteer to risk his life to preserve me. But she soon found

herself unable to breast the storm. Still, unwilling to yield, she attempted to descend the ledge of rocks, with a view of taking advantage of their shelter as far as they extended. She had proceeded but a few yards, when she discovered below her a large boat, in which was an athletic young man. She called loudly to him, several times, before her voice was heard in the wild yellings of the wind, as it burst through the chinks and crannies of the rock ; at length she made herself heard, and the astonished lad prepared to ascend to her. She bade him watch his boat and she would go round the point of the rock to meet him.

The young man had just descended the river with the intention of going to Plymouth ; but perceiving the approach of the storm, he had brought his boat under the lee of the rocks, where it could lie in safety until the weather should be more calm.

In a moment she was at the side of the youth, and, without giving him time to express his astonishment at seeing her in such a situation, she hastily acquainted him with the danger in which I was, and besought him to take immediate measures for my rescue.

The young man was one of those rough samples of our nature that are not unfrequent along the seaboard. He had no words to plead an excuse : the amount of his response was, that while he would do

any thing in his power to oblige her and benefit me, he was positive that no open boat could live in such a tempest. She implored him to consider the certainty of my death if he did not attempt a rescue ; and he replied by asserting the certainty of his own death if he did. Something, on her part, was hinted about an ample reward in money if he would incur the risk ; but a spot of anger sat upon the brow of the young man, where before only anxiety and doubt had rested.

“ It was impossible,” he said, “ for him to be of service, as he did not know exactly the spot on which I stood ; and his boat, even if she kept above water when dead before the wind, would swamp with the first luff she made : and beside,” he continued, “ should he run directly down upon me, it would be of little service, as the boat would have such head-way upon it, that he could not seize upon me, or if so fortunate as to reach me, having none to steady the boat, it must certainly come up into the wind, when it would as certainly founder.”

That difficulty was at once obviated. She herself had no idea of remaining behind, and professed a belief that she could use an oar so as to aid in steadying the boat ; nothing would be required to propel it before the wind.

The young man had no farther arguments to offer :

he pulled the boat some few rods south, in order to make the point at which I had stationed myself, and which was well known to every frequenter of the bay, directly to the leeward of the place of departure. Before leaving the lee of the rocks, he took from the forecastle of the boat a large coat, which he directed her to put on over her thin and drenched dress. He then placed her upon the forward thwart of the boat, with a light oar in her hand resting over the gunwale, and seated himself on an after thwart with an oar on the opposite side, bidding her watch his signal for using hers, and then shoved the boat into the channel.

The strong gust of wind, though evidently mitigated, drove on the boat as if it floated in the air. Though the sprays flew wildly over them, and considerable quantities of water were shipped at the bows, yet it appeared probable that the boat might be kept afloat, if it met no cross current to bring its side to the wind. Scarcely a minute had elapsed from the departure, when the oar held in her hand struck the water, and such was the rapidity of the motion that it broke off within six inches of the gunwale. The young man applied his own oar skilfully, and passed forward to her the boat hook, to be used as the oar had been. These arrangements were scarcely finished, when the boat hook became entan-

gled in some object in the water, the weight of which drew the boat round into the wind; and if the young man had not seized the instrument and taken the whole directly aft, they must inevitably have sunk. He leaned over the stern to clear off the entanglement, when, with a cry of horror, he made known to her that the object of their search was in tow; the boat hook being fast to the loose part of my dress.

With a strength and steadiness that the circumstances imparted, she changed her position to the stern of the boat, and succeeded in drawing my head above the water. As it would be impossible to take me on board at that time, the young man went forward to preserve the balance of the boat, and keep it before the wind; while she supported my unconscious head almost level with the gunwale.

As soon as the wind abated, they drew me on board the boat, and in a short time were enabled, by reaching another current, to land at a point some distance above the rocks from which they had started.

I was soon conveyed to the house of my relation, when the usual means of recovery were applied with scarcely the customary success; as, whatever evidence I gave of returning animation, there were no traces of reason in my incoherent words, nor appearance of recognition in my wild vague stare; my short and

unrefreshing sleep was interrupted by violent muscular exertions to baffle imaginary tempests, and those who approached my bed I continually besought to save me from the impending wave. There was a deference in my feelings and my language towards her who felt most for my sufferings and ministered unremittingly to my wants, but I never identified her with the object of my affections; on the contrary, I spoke to her of that one; complained of her absence, and charged it as an evidence of waning affection, that she, of all others, absented herself from my chamber. I speak now of what was subsequently told to me—though of that part of my sufferings I have, even at this late period, some distinct recollection; but you shall be spared the recital. He who has suffered a temporary derangement of intellect, never forgets his sensations of that period, and scarcely believes that his apprehensions were not in accordance with what he saw and heard. For it is easier for us to imagine that others have imposed upon our senses, than that we cannot judge correctly of objects visible and within our reach.

The state in which I found her, for whom alone the recovery of health and reason seemed valuable, left me fewer emotions of gratitude for my escape from death and derangement, than I otherwise should

have indulged. The violence of the storm, and her exceeding exertions in the boat, had been too much for a frame predisposed, as hers was, to that wasting disease that nips the fairest in that portion of the country ; and I found my life redeemed by the sacrifice of one dearer to me than my own, and full of promise of usefulness to which mine had no claims.

For nearly a year I watched her ebbing life. I sat in her presence and listened to her words as if they were the utterings of an oracle ; and only a consciousness that reason was yielding to excited feelings could tear me from her side. But let it suffice—they buried her and dragged me to the grave.

When consciousness returned, I visited once more the hillock raised over her, and left my native place.

Years passed away without a wish, on my part, to visit scenes that were only connected with painful remembrances. But antipathies, indulged for a long time, frequently give place to opposite feelings, without any apparently sufficient cause ; at least, it was so in my case, or perhaps it was only the recovery of a healthful tone of mind ; but I determined last summer to visit, alone, the margin of Plymouth Bay.

Mental and physical disease had done so much for me, that I passed through Kingston without being recognized by a single individual. I could not have

believed that twenty years had such power over us. I crossed the meadow and narrow bridge, passed the house in which I had recovered after the storm, and in a few minutes stood upon the high rock that borders the bay, the same from which she beheld my sufferings. And this was the twentieth anniversary of that event.

The tide was rapidly rising, and I saw it, with emotion, cover and rise high over that point upon which I had endured the bitterness of death without its quiet. With the rising of the tide came also a tempest, and as the wind chafed the waves, curling them and scattering wildly their spray, my mind went back to those scenes which I had desired to commemorate. The whole horrors of that day were renewed. I suffered again, with an overwhelming distinctness, all the maddening sensations of that moment when the whole waters of the channel were over me, and a wilderness of thought was crowding upon my mind.

There was an awful distinctness in my reminiscence. With a recollection of the events, was a recovery of the feelings, not only those of pain that the first peltings of the storm and the first surging of the channel had caused, but the succeeding sensation of pleasure that followed; and as a thought of my lone-

liness in life, my utter isolation, crossed my mind and ruffled the smoothness of its current, I felt a strange and irresistible inducement, increased perhaps by the tempest, to leap into the channel, and close at once a life for which pleasure had no smile, and to which sorrow came in no variety of anguish.

It was but for a moment that such a thought could occupy my mind; yet in that moment I had stepped back in order to overleap a projection of the rock below, that I might reach the water, when a flash of lightning, of more than common brilliancy, burst over the whole horizon. I gazed upward: another flash succeeded; and in the centre of its brightness, the very intensity of its blaze, there was distinctly visible the well defined, the perfect form of—of *her*.

I arose some hours afterwards from the rock upon which I had been stretched, and gazed with amazement upon the scene around me. The tempest had passed off, the bay before me was calm as infancy's brow, and every meadow, field and height had put on a smile. The setting sun poured a new richness of light upon the opposite eminence, while, at the eastward, a broad rainbow spanned the horizon from the spires of Plymouth to the highlands of Monument.

I waited until the darkness of evening closed the scene, and with hopes crushed and pride chastened

by that day's weakness, I retraced my steps to the centre of the village, and became, for the night, indebted to that hospitality, for which a stranger may always look on the borders of PLYMOUTH BAY.

THE SEA NYMPH.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

Come out of the sea, maiden,
Come out of the sea,
With thy green tresses laden
With jewels for me ;
Out of the deep, where the sea-grass waves
Its plumage in silence o'er gems and graves.
Come out, for the moonlight
Is over the earth,
And all ocean is bright
With a beautiful birth,
The birth of ten thousand gleaming things,
Darting and dipping their silver wings !
Come out of the sea, maiden,
Come out of the sea,
With thy green tresses laden
With jewels for me.

Come up with your rosy syren horn,
From your caves of melody,
Where the far down music of death is born,
O maiden of the sea !

Come, breathe to me tales of your coral halls,
Where the echo of tempest never falls ;
Where faces are veil'd
In a strange eclipse,
And voice never wail'd
From human lips ;

But a fathomless silence and glory sleep
Far under the swell of the booming deep !
Come out of the sea, maiden,
Come out of the sea,
With thy green tresses laden
With jewels for me.

Come forth and reveal
To my tranced eye,
Where thy elf sisters steal
In their beauty by,
Like victors, with watery flags unfurl'd,
'Mid the buried wealth of a plunder'd world ;
Where the sea-snakes glide
O'er the monarchs drown'd,

With their skulls yet in pride
Of diamonds crown'd ;
Where the bones of thousands lie around,
Awaiting the last stern trumpet's sound.

O tell me if there
The uncoffin'd dead,
Who earth's beautiful were,
To their billowy bed,
Some cavern of pearls, are borne far in,
Where the spirits of ocean their watch begin,
And their long hair, flung
O'er their bosoms white,
Is the shroud of the young,
The pale and bright ;
And guarded for ages untouch'd they lie,
In the gaze of the sea-maid's sleepless eye.

For, maiden, I've dream'd
Of long vigils kept,
O'er the lost ones who gleam'd
On our hearts ere they slept—
The visions of earth, too pure for decay,
In the silent green ocean-halls treasured away ;
And there to her rest
A seraph went down,

While her warm heart was press'd
To the heart she had won !
'Mid the shriek of the storm and the thunder of waves,
Sea-maiden, she shot to thy echoless caves.

O come, I invoke thee,
From thy dim chambers hither ;
Bear me under the sea
Where white brows never wither ;
Lay me there with my pale and beautiful dead,
With her wet hair sweeping about my head.
Come out of the sea, maiden,
Come out of the sea,
For my spirit is laden,
And pants to be free ;
I would pass from the storms of this sounding shore,
For the cloudless light of my years is o'er.

PATRICK LYON.

ON the walls of the Rotunda of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, may be seen the excellent picture, from which the present engraving has been made. When first exhibited there, a few years since, it attracted considerable attention, as the production of a young artist who gave promise of no common genius and skill. Mr. John Neagle, of Philadelphia, has since become known by many excellent portraits; but in none has he surpassed the fine effect which is exhibited in that of Patrick Lyon. The design is natural and characteristic; the lights and shadows are boldly and skilfully disposed; and the whole tone of the picture is in excellent keeping.

It represents an individual long known in Philadelphia for his originality, even more than for his skill as a mechanic, which was great. Though possessed of an ample fortune, and long withdrawn from



Engraved by J. W. P. for the Original Author by Neugebauer.

THE ART OF THE BLACKSMITH.



the occupations of trade, he desired to be depicted in the attitude and costume of a blacksmith ; and he was accustomed to view, with evident and honest pride, the successful delineation of the artist.

CANZONET.

BY B. B. THATCHER.

ITALIA ! Oh Italia !
The clime of all the earth,
The land of light and glory,
Of music and of mirth—
Proud, proud am I to call thee
The country of my birth.

And sad am I that fortune
Compels me thus to keep,
For ever from my native shore,
My journey on the deep—
Oh ! I cannot choose but wander
And I will not choose but weep.

For I have not yet forgotten,
As a yester even's dream,

The cot upon the hill slope,
Beside the silver stream,
Whose waters show'd the shepherd boy,
Far down the sunset's gleam.

Ah! well do I remember
The birds among the trees
That cast upon my father's roof
Their bloom with every breeze,
And the odours of the orange wood,
And the murmur of the bees,

And the shining eyes that welcomed me
When my summer toil was o'er,
And young and old that danced around
The shaded household door,
Sweet voices were the music,
And the green turf was the floor.

Alas, alas! the vintage
Hath come and pass'd again;
They have gather'd in the purple grape,
And sheaved the golden grain;
And the autumn suns scarce linger
On the mountain or the main.

But their hearts are sad and weary,
For one is wanting there,
For whom they bend, at eve, to breathe
The blended vows of prayer ;
I hear each tone of sorrow
On the solemn twilight air.

I hear them at my vespers,
I see them in my sleep,
And I know they climb the hills to look
For the seaman on the deep.
Oh! I cannot choose but wander,
And I will not choose but weep.

A NIGHT OF PERIL.

BY WILLIAM L. STONE.

‘Is it the moody owl that shrieks?
Or is that sound, betwixt laughter and scream,
The voice of the demon that haunts the stream?’

The thing in the world I am most afraid of, is fear, and with good reason; that passion alone, in the trouble of it, breeding all other accidents.

MONTAIGNE.

IN the autumn of 18—, I journeyed, for the first time, into the western part of the state of New York. Embarking upon the Erie canal at Utica, the middle section of that great work having just been completed, I continued thereon to its western termination at Montezuma. This place has since increased to a village respectable for its size and importance. At the period of which I am now speaking, it was

quite small, and the houses scattered and irregular. It stood upon the margin of the Seneca outlet, not far below the estuary of the Canandaigua creek, a deep sluggish stream, winding its way by a current so slow as to be nearly imperceptible, through the wide tract of sunken lands known as the Cayuga marshes. Several salt springs issue from the ground at Montezuma; and the inhabitants of the village then consisted principally of persons engaged in the manufacture of that article of prime necessity, or salt-boilers—as the operatives in the work of evaporation and crystallization are called. They were as rough looking specimens of humanity as one would desire to see at any time of day. I had, years before, heard unfavourable, and, probably, exaggerated reports respecting these people, particularly those connected with the more extensive manufactories at the great Salt Lick of Onondaga; and having then recently been compelled to pass a very uncomfortable night at Salina, among these rude fellows, with black beards, profane tongues, matted hair and bushy eye-brows, I did not care to have more of their acquaintance. The country was new, and the deep forests had not yet far retreated from the village.

It was late in October, about noon of a clear cold day, when the canal packet reached this said village

of Montezuma; and the next stage I wished to make was to Lyons, sixteen miles. My business required my presence at that place on the following morning. But, much to my annoyance, the road across the marshes was pronounced utterly impassable. To go round them, by the way of the Cayuga bridge and Geneva, would occupy the whole of another day, and probably defeat the purpose of my journey. I stated my case, and was advised to charter a row-boat with a couple of oarsmen, and proceed by water to the block-house, as the site of the present village of Clyde was then called. The distance was only eight miles in a direct line, and but fifteen to follow the devious course of the Canandaigua creek or outlet, large enough at this place to deserve the name of river. From the block-house to Lyons the road was reported good; and I was assured that, by selecting this route, I should be able to reach the former place before sunset, and Lyons early in the evening. I adopted this arrangement; and my fellow passengers took their departure in the coaches, leaving me with the dark looking salt-boilers. My first business was to search about for the boat and oarsmen, which I had been assured, at the little tavern, could be procured in five minutes. The landlord himself volunteered to go upon the errand. He was a sullen-looking fellow, thick

skinned, and his complexion colourless. His eyes were light blue and restless. His thick matted hair had long been a stranger to a comb. And his conduct was marked by a phlegmatic demeanour, and an immobility of countenance, which I did not like. There were treachery and suspicion in his looks. His wife, moreover, with a shrill harsh voice, had made herself rather officious in producing my determination to suffer the coach to depart without me; and the lines of avarice were deeply furrowed in her skinny features. Mine host was gone a long time. I grew impatient and followed him. It appeared that the boat was a mile off, and must be sent for. It came at last; and it was then discovered that one of the boatmen was absent, and a substitute must be provided. It was now past two o'clock, and I was compelled to order some refreshment. A miserable dinner having been despatched, of which every thing was sour but the pickles, I thought, by this time surely, I could take my departure. But not so: one of the oars had been broken by the boys, and a new one must be fitted to the boat. Here, then, was employment for another hour. I became still more impatient and restless. The sun was now sinking rapidly into the western horizon, and I as far from the block-house as at noon. The boatmen came; but they were not

the comeliest of the human family. The one who belonged to the boat was of small stature, a low retreating forehead, with large projecting eyes of a light gray. The new recruit, however, was a large Patagonian-looking fellow, with deep sunken coal-black eyes, lank hair hanging in coarse knots and flakes upon his shoulders, with dark shaggy whiskers extending entirely round beneath his chin, and a determined dare-devil look. I was well dressed, with handsome travelling luggage, a valuable gold watch, and elegant trimmings to correspond. These trappings I had heedlessly disclosed to them, while anxiously eyeing the sun, and vexatiously counting the hours and minutes upon the dial of my beautiful chronometer. I now began to convince myself that I had observed some sly and significant glances at my baggage, and other inviting appendages. It was evident that every pretext for delay had been resorted to; and I began heartily to wish myself in the post-coach, on the round-about way by Geneva and Robin Hood's barn. But it was too late: no means of land conveyance were left: I had made my election, and must abide the issue. It really seemed as though the boat would never be prepared to depart. And even if it should be in readiness before evening, I began to question the prudence of the night voyage,

under such circumstances and with such companions. But to remain in that place, and among such people, was as dangerous as to depart. My business being urgent, I at length resolved to proceed. Finally, all matters having been arranged, I embarked just before the sun disappeared in the west. The boat skimmed lightly over the smooth waters, and we rapidly ascended the stream. Before we had proceeded a mile, however, the last mellow tints of the sun, which had gilded the tree tops with blooming gold, disappeared, and the stars began to be reflected from the bright waters, sparkling yet more brilliantly as the gray twilight deepened into night. Having rowed about two miles, our course suddenly changed several points to the west, as we entered the deep narrow channel of Canandaigua outlet, and plunged into a dark and dreary forest, 'the nodding horrors of whose shady branches seemed brooding with peril.' It was one of the most thickly set wildernesses I had ever seen. The older trees were of a lofty and gigantic stature, and the brushwood thick and deep-tangled. Added to this, the high rank grass of the marshes clothed the margin of the river so densely, that, even in the day time, it would have been impossible, while in the boat, to have discerned an object at the distance of five feet from the stream.

The river was very narrow, and its course crooked as the serpent's track. Overhead, the thick wide-spreading arms of the trees, from either side, interlocked, and soon excluded all light, save that which at intervals gleamed through an occasional aperture of the 'innumerable branches,' rendering the palpable darkness more visible. We had proceeded thus far in silence, the men plying very leisurely at their oars; while, muffled in my cloak, I sat passively in the stern of the boat. The darkness was like that of a dungeon; the air was dank, and the gloom oppressive. Not a sound fell upon the ear, save the light splash of the oars, the hollow murmuring of the wind through the lofty branches of the trees, and the occasional rustling of the grass, now partially crisped and withered by the autumnal frosts. My thoughts were dwelling upon the delays and other events of the afternoon, and strange fancies shot through my brain. There seemed no end to these horrid shades; and it was evident that the bandit-looking landlord had urged me to adopt this route from some sinister motive. It was likewise evident that no effort had been made to facilitate my departure. A number of circumstances, then unnoticed, but now vivid in the recollection, rendered it equally clear that close and searching observations had been made of my luggage

and attire. Whence these delays, these significant looks, these searching glances? And more than all, why had the boatmen pulled so slowly since our departure? The inference was irresistible that they did not wish to pass through the forest during the night. Why, then, should they have brought me into it at such a late and unseemly hour? Around and above it was dark as Erebus. Cold chills ever and anon crept over me, as these reflections passed hurriedly through my troubled brain, and a clammy sweat stood upon my brow. I tried to rally my spirits, and converse with my companions. But I could find little to say, and provoked still less in reply, and not a word from him of the black glittering eye. Occasionally they talked a little to each other in an under tone. This half whispering made me still more suspicious; and I started at every rustling of the grass, or movement of the sere leaves, or crackling of a stick beneath the tread of some light-footed inhabitant of the forest. Once an owl hooted dismally over our heads. This was an evil omen. The stoutest heart will sometimes flutter for an instant, at the startling scream of the bird of night, while the whoop of the Indian, or the howl of a wolf would pass, in a measure, unheeded. There was a heavy hammer of iron which, on entering the boat, I

had observed lying about four feet from me. I wished now to secure this instrument, to be used in case of an emergency; and by rising as if to re-adjust the folds of my cloak, and half falling forward, I managed to obtain it and recover my seat, without, as I supposed, creating any suspicion of my design. I grasped it with a firm hand. Again these sons of Charon consulted together in the same low voice as before. The forest grew deeper and thicker, the air more black and substantial, and the stream wound its serpentine course along, seemingly without end. Hours passed away, and the same lazy gentle plash, plash of the oars continued, as though those who held them cared not to advance. By and by a little opening through the dense leafy canopy above afforded star-light enough to disclose a jam of drift-wood, through which it was difficult to make our way. And here, once more, my strange navigators rested upon their oars, and held another brief consultation. I whistled with affected unconcern, grasped the hammer more tightly, and then tried to hum a song. But it was in vain. The heavy load upon my spirits increased to a painful degree. Again the forest thickened, and we were plunged once more into darkest night. Now, all at once, the boat stopped still, and the boatmen drew up their oars. What an

awful stillness was that! The oarsmen were again in conversation, but I could not distinguish their words. My heart rose into my throat. The boat, apparently, lay in a little cove. 'Could there,' thought I, 'be a more fitting place on the face of the whole earth for a deed without a name!' They seemed to be taking something from beneath their coats, and I saw, or thought I saw, the bright glance of a blade of steel, while my blood was curdling in cold icy streams through my veins. I clenched the hammer with a firmer grasp. 'Wretches!' thought I, no longer doubting their foul purposes, 'your scheme was well concerted: but my life shall be sold at the dearest rate.' One of them half rose upon his feet, fumbling, at the same time, for something in his pocket. 'Now,' methought, 'the dreadful moment has arrived.' I drew a long breath, and braced my feet against the ribs of the boat, that I might not easily be thrown overboard. "Mister—a-hem," said he of the dark piercing eye, as he was apparently beginning to advance. I partly rose also to meet him with the greater force. "I say, Mister," he repeated, raising and slowly extending his right arm—I almost heard him cock the pistol. But he continued, "It 's a rare and chilly night this, I call it: the marshes is damp and fever-ague-ish-like: we have a long splice of

three or four miles to go yet ; and so, Mister, wont you take a drop of whiskey, by word of mouth, out of this 'ere bottle here ? Not but what we 'spose you 'd like a little old Jameeky sperits better. Be sure the nose of the plaguey bottle 's broke a leetle ; but, howsomever, that wont make the whiskey taste no worse, I reckon." The hammer dropped from my hand as softly as I could let it down ; and had Pelion and Ossa, all the giants, and the nightmare to boot, been pressing upon me at once, their sudden removal would not have brought greater relief. I took the bottle and quaffed the most grateful draught I had ever swallowed. The boat then moved on with accelerated progress. We at length emerged from the blind snares of the leafy labyrinth, through which we had so long been groping. The moon soon afterwards arose, though 'in clouded majesty ;' but before we had left the forest half a mile a stern, she

‘ Unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.’

THE CITY OF STATUES.

BY N. M. ROBINSON.

Making directly to the gate of the town, I saw there a great number of men upon guard, some sitting and others standing with batons in their hands, and they had all such dreadful countenances that it frightened me; but perceiving that they had no motion, not so much as with their eyes, I took courage, and went nearer, and then found they were all turned into stones. I went from thence into a room richly hung and furnished; I stood some time, and admired the riches and magnificence of the room.

ARABIAN NIGHTS.

FAR distant, under orient skies,
The city of enchantment lies;
And silence reigns eternal there,
Supreme o'er all of earth and air.

The fountains in the voiceless courts,
Forgetful of their wonted sports,

No longer sprinkle as of yore
The tessellated pavement o'er,
With gem-like drops of radiant dew,
Reflecting each a different hue ;
The joyous water's sudden gush,
Arrested in its upward rush,
And harden'd into crystal bright,
Stands like the glistening stalactite.

The guards are at the palace gate,
A scowling, dark, wild-looking band,
With each a baton in his hand ;
The priests beside the altars wait,
Watching the lifeless embers there
With a fix'd, earnest, endless stare ;
And in the streets, a multitude
Stand in various attitude,
All motionless : the very air
Appears to sleep and stagnate there,
O'erburthen'd with a nameless spell,
Man may not know—since none can tell,
Of all the melancholy throng,
Who heard it echoing among
Their fatal palaces and towers,
Gilt domes and lonely laurel bowers.

The seal of secrecy, imprest
In marble, on each lip doth rest,
And there they stand in groups around,
Dark forms that mock at life, spell bound,
Cold, mute, as are the unconscious walls
Encompassing their once gay halls,
Since doom'd to stillness ever more
For some high trespass done of yore.

The traveller steals, with noiseless tread,
Through that strange city's mansions dread,
And views, with wildly wondering eye,
The treasures that around him lie,
Still glittering wheresoe'er he turns.
Bright jewell'd cups and massive urns
Envelop'd with forms of loveliness,
And alabaster vases fair,
By fairer hands perchance placed there,
Gleam in each window's deep recess,
Fill'd with stone flowers of lost perfume
That yet in wonted beauty bloom.
And there, in many a column'd hall,
Dark heavy draperies wind and fall
Down to the marble floor, inlaid
With squares of every tint and shade :

Thou hast on earth, in wave and sky,
A means of bliss that will not fly,
A means at once serene and pure,
And, glean'd from nature, ever sure.

THE WEST.

BY SAMUEL J. BAYARD.

THE twilight hour is come : the red sun sinks,
And leaves his gorgeous mantle on the skies.
Thou glorious arch ! I will repose mine eyes
On thee : for there my troubled spirit drinks
Sweet hope. Beneath thy mighty span there lies
The beautiful, the bright, the teeming WEST :
Home of the free—asylum of the oppress'd.
Here is thine altar, liberty ! thy steeds,
Thy chariots, and thy buckler ; and when bleeds
A prostrate world, here shall stand up the brave,
And wave thy starry banners far and free.
Land of the west ! my chosen home—my grave
Beneath thy skies and virgin sod shall be :
Thou art my refuge, I will sleep with thee.

THE PRAIRIE.

BY THOMAS FISHER.

TWILIGHT curtain'd the far-water'd plains of the west,
The landscape grew dim to the wanderer's eye,
All was still where the prairie-bird guarded his nest,
The sun's path was red o'er the place of his rest,
And the vapours that loom'd on the verge of the sky
Were bright as the hunter's dream'd land of the blest.

The bones of the bison were bleaching around,
The herds had lain down 'mid the wild-flower's bloom,
And heaven's wide concave seem'd vacant of sound
Save where some lone prowler's fierce howl rent the
air,

The breath of the desert was fraught with perfume,
And the brief fly of summer in gladness was there.

I had scaled the steep cliff o'er the eddying wave,
Whence the love-martyr'd maid, in her beauty, had
 leap'd,
And encamp'd on a spot where the fair and the brave,
In the dust of the desert, all silently slept;
Where the Osage had dug, for their chieftain, a grave,
Where their hazel-eyed matrons in madness had wept.

The still heavens glitter'd with many a star,
The lone dewy desert grew darker and drear,
I shrunk in my robe, for my home was afar,
And my heart's sombre musings were blended with
 fear;
Kind sleep bless'd my eyes, such as wanderers know,
When their perils are sooth'd in oblivion of wo.

Deep visions stole o'er me, with tragic-wrought
 power,
Like glad sunset groupings of years that have past,
Restoring the magic of many an hour,
Too fleeting to tell, and too lovely to last.
Proud races of chieftains, their loves and their rage,
On the prairie's vast outline burst bright on my eye,
Like the song-storied glories of earth's early age,
Like a vast pictured legend portray'd on the sky.

The season's rich dramas of bloom and of change,
Each rife in its redolent beauty and prime,
Gave shadow and light to the bison's wide range,
And varied the still, pauseless fleeting of time.
The winter's hunt-scenes o'er the far drifted snow,
The fawn's happy frolics 'mid spring's blossoms past,
The flower-fly's flight in the summer sun's glow,
And autumn's sweet songsters, the lonely and last.

The hunter's gay smiles on his fond mother's breast,
His nurture, his gambols in life's happy morn,
The spells of his manhood's impassion'd behest,
The flash of his eye on his battle steed borne,
The victor's shrill joy, the still death of the foe,
The feats of the brave and the right of the strong,
Swell'd my heart with high pulses of joy and of wo,
But no prairie minstrel has told them in song.

How swept o'er the wild-grass the whirlwinds of war,
How the vulture for ages has nourish'd his brood
On the flesh of the proud and the fearless of yore,
Till the cliffs of Missouri were dyed with their blood.
Or how, when the autumn moon's tranquiler gleams
Gave wilder enchantment to beauty's kind glance,
The glad hunter, tranced in his heart's dearest dreams,
Seem'd to reap in life's fancies the joys of romance.

'T was morning, I woke—on the wild pasture space,
Where the vast prairie spreads in its grandeur alone ;
Around me, far peering, the turf mounds were strown,
Where the mighty had heap'd them a burial place,
The lone, lasting record of many a race.

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Who thus o'er the foaming main doth glide ?
No sail propels her course,
She heeds not the winds with their sway of pride,
And asks no boon of the angry tide
As she treads the breakers hoarse.

No oar she plies with its measured sweep ;
But curling dark and high,
Her volumed smoke to the clouds doth creep,
While a snowy line marks the cleaving deep,
A banner of flame on the sky.

The sea, as in terror, uplifted her voice,
From billow to billow it roll'd,
The mermaidens lock'd up their bowers in a trice,
And the monarch whale sought his palace of ice,
While the tocsin of ocean toll'd.

More close to its grotto the faint pearl grew,
While the dolphins were waxing pale,
Their warning shells the Tritons blew,
And with urns overturn'd the river nymphs flew
To tell father Neptune the tale.

Old Hudson slept 'neath the curtain of night,
But she furrow'd his heaving breast
With a hissing sound like a serpent sprite,
And the Highlands kindled their beacon light
At the torch of the wonderful guest.

A peaceful bark o'er the waters sped
As this monster form drew near,
From his perilous post the helmsman fled,
And the hailing captain bade with dread
From her demon-wake to steer.

Some heard piratical fetters clank
As their vessels pass'd her side,
And they drifted apace towards the rocky bank,
As the poppy-fed Turks from Kanaris shrank,
When his sparkling deck they spied.

From the fishermen's cabins the inmates burst,
And were moved in their panic to say,

That the ghosts of the Dutchmen had risen from dust
To smoke their great pipes with a terrible gust
And hasten from Gotham away.

She seem'd like the prophet bird of death
To the gazing Indian's thought :
The swift weird sisters, whose pestilent breath
And reeking caldron affrighted Macbeth,
To this ' water-witch ' were nought.

Yet strangely her brood o'er the waters spread
With a bold prolific birth,
From the frigid north to the tropics red
Their furrowing feet of fire do tread
The thousand floods of earth.

But where is the mighty hand that taught
This wingless bird to fly ?
Say, where is the breast whose inventive thought
This mine of wealth for the world hath wrought ?
Land of his birth, reply.

He hath fallen. The lofty tree is dead :
But it hath a living stem ;
O'er its roots young saplings their verdure spread,
And the golden fruits which on us it shed,
We may render back to them.

ISADORE.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

ISADORE, Isadore,
Thou hadst bound me in a spell,
But the magic impulse now is o'er
And I can say farewell !
Go thy ways
For a wild and fairy sprite !
Thou wilt force me into praise
As it were thy lawful right.
If I love thee, sure I know my love is vain,
For as we have met of yore,
We may never meet again,
Isadore !

Isadore, Isadore,
I first met thee midst the gay,
Where thronging suitors vied to pour
Their flattery round thy way.

'Twas a night
With a lovely summer moon,
And we linger'd in her light
To drink in the mellow'd tune
Which the distant bugle sent across the lea ;
O ! that night was worth a score,
Was it not so unto thee,
Isadore ?

Isadore, Isadore,
On this image as I gaze,
I but see thee as thou wast of yore
In all thy graceful ways ;
Thy white plume
Floating proudly in the air,
And the look thou couldst assume
When a waiting throng was there,
Pulling on the white glove o'er thy lily hand—
Soon thy triumphs must be o'er,
And the power to command,
Isadore.

Isadore, Isadore,
To thy charms a kind farewell ;
'T were sweet to dream those moments o'er,
Which once to us befel !

They were blest
With a breath from fairy land,
And in brightest colours dress'd,
Still on memory's page they stand,
With a host of fancies conjured by their spell—
But like morning mists they soar,
And leave nought but one farewell,
Isadore !

THE HAUNTED MAN.

BY JOHN NEALE.

SOME time in the fall of 1824, I happened to be in the southern part of England, where grapes grow in the open air, and every cottage roof is literally heaped with flowers at certain seasons of the year—now with white roses and now with the tri-coloured morning-glory, while the door-ways and windows are overhung with transparent vine leaves, through which the small panes, of three inches by four at the most, glitter and sparkle in the sunshine, like a swarm of happy insects after a shower, when the green leaves are all alive with their motion. I spent the greater part of a whole week in rambling about the neighbourhood and sketching whatever I saw that pleased me. One beautiful day—it was the Sabbath, not the Jewish, but the Christian Sabbath—happening to be in a church yard set thick with the armorial pannel-

ling of a multitude, who, if one might judge by the care taken of their titles and virtues here, had no very exalted notion of immortality elsewhere, and among whom were not a few of England's haughtiest nobility, over whose magnificent records the children of the village were in the habit of playing marbles on holiday afternoons; and happening to forget myself so far as to pull out my sketch-book and pencil, without any regard to the day, for the purpose of trying a three-cornered view of the beautiful church, with its unpretending battlements, ponderous door-way, and grotesque embrasures, my attention was suddenly called off by the triumphant peal of an organ, the finest I ever heard in my life. Seized with a new feeling, and half ashamed of my employment, which smacked prodigiously of the cockney tourist, I shuffled my book into its place, and made my way directly to the church door, the organ pealing afar off, like a thunder-burst over still water,

'Sound the loud timbrels o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd, his people are free!'

I never shall forget the volume and sweetness—the heavy soar and intermingling chime of that organ. It was the chant of a liberated people—the overpowering anthem of a great multitude, men, women and chil-

dren, suddenly lifting up their voices in the desert, on the pouring forth of pure water from the smitten rock. How I entered the church, and how I found the seat I occupied, I knew not; what I say is the solemn truth, however strange it may appear; but the organ stopped, and, in looking up, I found all the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me, even those of the clergyman and the clerk, who were directly facing me. What had I done; how came I where I was—in a pew carpeted with gorgeous cloth and carved with, what I had entirely overlooked before, a coronet? I felt sorry and perplexed, and might have been afraid to lift my eyes, but for my perfect innocence of all presumption. To my infinite relief the service began at last, and gave me an opportunity to get my breath and look about me. It was communion day. The vessels of gold and the vessels of silver were spread out before me, most of them with a counterpart of the very arms I had just perceived upon the back of the pew emblazoned upon them, coronet and all. Of course they were the gift of *our* family, the occupants of the pew; the first fruits, it might be, of a princely heritage. I could have cried with vexation had I been a few years younger; but now I felt rather more inclined for a laugh, particularly when I called to mind my sketching attitude for the Sabbath-day,

and the possibility that I had been observed by the congregation before I found my way into church. Zounds! I can see myself now. What must they have taken me for? peradventure a job poet, or an amateur tragedian going through a rehearsal in a grave-yard, for a first appearance at the Adelphi or Bartholomew-fair. Meantime the service went on with all its grave simplicity and awakening changes; the organ rolled out once more, and then died away in a rich voluntary; and I was beginning to forget the strangeness of my situation, when a door opened softly behind me, a curtain was lifted, and a very dignified-looking man entered, the sight of whose cold, pale, intellectual countenance brought me instantly to my recollection. He bowed, and seeing me about to rise, made a sign to me to be seated, knelt down upon a low cushion before us, covered his face with his hands, and took no further notice of any thing till the incident occurred which I am about to mention. While he sat with his head turned towards the preacher, I had an opportunity of studying it and him, and, what was yet more delightful to me just then, of ascertaining how on earth I had got into the pew. The fact was, and I remembered it all now—the only wonder being how I should not have remembered it before; the fact was, that instead of

making my way to the principal door of the church, I had gone up to a sort of private entrance in the rear, about which five or six persons were gathered, and waiting, as we do in this country, for a chance to creep in without disturbing the rest of the congregation, so I thought. As I drew nigh they all made way for me, and this very man opened the door with a low bow as if I had been waited for; and the next moment I found myself within the church, and every pew near me crowded except one, which I lost no time in taking possession of. He did not follow at the time nor did the others; and being full of the music, I did not observe that, on passing the door, a fold of rich blue cloth fell into its place and concealed it, so that when I saw the people staring at me I looked up to find the door by which I had entered, and not being able to find it, I had nothing to do, of course, but stare at them in reply. And now, having satisfied myself upon a subject about which I confess I had begun to feel rather sensitive and sore, I fell to studying the character of the face before me. It was a very singular face, an extraordinary face; hardly a feature where it should be, or what it should be; and yet, take it altogether, one of the most intellectual, handsome and attractive faces I ever saw

The eyes were large and serene, the forehead high, and the mouth expressive enough; but there was a something, a haughty, cold, repulsive something, which came and went, like a shadow from within, over the transparent breadth of his temples, and altered the bland expression of the mouth and eyes continually; more than once too, while I was looking at him, I saw his chin quiver; it was the largest and best chin I ever saw in my life, it reminded me of Napoleon's, of Lord Byron's, and of the old fashioned sculpture, though it was rather out of proportion with his other features, and might have belonged to a seven feet Apollo Belvidere. But his teeth were like those of a she-wolf, and he had the nose of a bald-eagle. I am thus particular, merely to prove that I had my senses about me at the time; and that I have them now, although I should repeat the declaration, that, take him altogether, he was the handsomest man I ever saw. Perhaps I should have been able to finish the portrait, feature by feature, shadow by shadow—I am sure I could with my portfolio before me; but in the very midst of the sitting, the consecrated elements were announced for distribution. The pew doors were flung open, that which I occupied among the rest; and the communicants began to gather about

the supper-table. My attention was directed towards the clergyman. I liked his affectionate, earnest and solemn bearing, though it smacked of the national church, and was running over in my own mind the several distinguishing tones and styles that we have, whereby a man's faith may be known with considerable certainty the moment he opens his mouth, when all at once I heard a sort of smothered cry, a loud gasping for breath, and, turning quickly, I had just time to see one of the golden cups flung on the pavement before me ; the red wine running over the marble floor ; the stranger standing up, face to face, with the frightened preacher ; the cup lying at his feet as if crushed and trampled on ; the windows and doors suddenly darkened with a mass of human creatures trying to escape ; and the communicants clinging to each other and recoiling in breathless terror, from his uplifted arms and terrible countenance. Another cry, and the stranger lay extended his whole length upon the floor. In a moment the church was deserted. Not a living creature stood within the four walls except the preacher, the gray-headed sexton, four servants in a splendid livery who burst through the door behind me when they heard the cry, a very aged man who kept raving about his poor master, and myself. I would have stayed, but the clergyman begged me to

go, as the unfortunate stranger was in the best hands. I saw that he was dreadfully agitated, and the more so when he understood, by my questions, that I was ignorant of the very name of the sufferer. "Then let me entreat you, sir," said he, "as a man, as a gentleman, as a Christian, to keep the secret so far as you have it in your power. I know him, and his five domestics know him; but no other human creature does, I believe, in this part of the country." I could not refuse, how could I? and without even communicating my own name, or making a merit of submission, I left the church. There was a good deal of talk that day at the tavern where I had put up, and the result of all I heard was—heard, I say, for I asked no questions, and rather avoided the subject—that although no two persons could agree upon the name of the stranger, the greatest unanimity prevailed upon two points: first, that he was a madman, probably out on his good behaviour, and well known to their curate, else he would not have been allowed to approach the table; and next, that he was a man of high rank, if not of the highest. Indeed, some went so far as to say it was no other than poor Leopold himself; and one man declared to me in a whisper—pointing, as he spoke, to a portrait of the prince which hung side by side with that of the

princess Charlotte, and laying his finger on the nose and I could not help acknowledging the resemblance there—that, between ourselves, he had seen Leopold so often that he could not be mistaken. I stared, for I had seen Leopold too, and I thought he could be mistaken; but he added that he had not seen the stranger himself, he had only heard him described; nevertheless, in his own mind he was satisfied, satisfied that the prince of Saxe Coburg and the poor stranger were one and the same person. “Besides,” whispered he, “what could be more natural—the sudden death of his wife and child.” “So many years ago?” said I. “Precisely,” said he; “and the state of his late majesty’s health, you know.” “Precisely,” said I; “these things always run in families.” And here we parted.

Fifteen months after this, to a day, as I was loitering through the grounds at Versailles, a man passed me in a Spanish cloak, who stopped and looked at me for a moment, as if doubtful whether to speak to me or not, and then passed on. I gazed after him, and tried to recollect where I had seen him before; but, after a few moments, finding the image that I had half conjured up as he walked by me growing fainter and fainter, I abandoned the idea, and pursued my way to a part of the grounds where, at a prodigious cost,

what is called an English garden had been laid out. There I encountered the stranger again. He stood still, directly fronting me, as I came round a little patch of stunted shrubbery ; his cloak had fallen from his shoulders, and I had a fair opportunity of seeing his countenance. I knew him instantly ; it was the stranger who, fifteen months before, had flung down the consecrated vessels, dashed to the earth the golden cup in the Lord's house, and sunk upon the floor as if smitten by a thunder-bolt for the sacrilege. Instead of avoiding me now, as I should him, the moment he caught a view of my person, he walked up to me, lifted his hat, and appeared to be just on the point of making me a very low bow, and then all at once he appeared to be in doubt, his cheerful step faltered, a shade of perplexity came up, as if out of the depth of his heart, over his fine countenance, and he stood for half a minute before he replaced his hat, which he did at last with a mighty aristocratic air as I lifted mine. Pitying his perplexity, and half ashamed of myself on account of the part I had played at our first interview ; half afraid of him too, I hardly knew why, for he had every sign of good health about him now ; and a little angry moreover at the fashion of his bow ; I would have passed on without caring to know more of my mysterious gentleman, or to interchange any

further civilities : but, seeing my purpose, he put himself in my way, lifted his hat, and fixing his keen eyes on mine, while he bent his body courteously enough, he said to me, in a voice that thrilled through and through me, " You are the very man, sir."

Lord help me ! thought I, before I answered ; here 's a pretty kettle of fish : entrapped by a mad-man where no human creature can help me. At last I got my breath, and was able to say, " I do not understand you, sir."

" The very man ! I beg your pardon, who are you, sir ?"

My gorge began to rise. " Who the devil are you !" said I, " and by what right am I questioned by you after this fashion ?"

" I beg ten thousand pardons," cried my tormentor, " I see you are puzzled, and I cannot wonder at it ; I'll tell you why, sir, and you must forgive me. For two whole years you have haunted me, haunted me by night and by day, and yet I never heard your voice in my life, to my knowledge. I know you by sight—I am sure I know you, and yet, for the soul of me, I cannot tell where we have been acquainted, nor am I certain that I have ever seen you before." As he said this he looked so unhappy, so puzzled, and so altogether worthy of compassion, that, entirely forget-

ting his behaviour, the place, and my own apprehensions, I took both of his extended hands into mine, and, without losing a moment, proceeded to detail to him, step by step, as I saw by the changes of his countenance how he bore it, all that I knew, all that I had been told, and all that I conjectured of him. You may wonder at my courage, and had you stood a little way off and heard our conversation, without looking into his eyes or seeing the movement of his handsome mouth and brilliant teeth, you would have wondered still more. When I spoke of the manner in which I was greeted by all eyes on taking possession of the pew, he smiled. When I dwelt for a moment on my consternation at seeing the carved coronet, his lip withered as if stung with some indignant thought. When I told him how utterly incapable I was of explaining how I got into the pew till I saw him lift up the heavy cloth, he appeared inclined to laugh; but the next moment, when I alluded to his behaviour at the communion-table and to the outrage he had committed there, he shuddered from head to foot, and covered his face with his hands, and breathed for a moment or two with terrific energy; and then, after I had got through, on mentioning to him what people said he was at the tavern, he burst forth into

a fit of loud joyous laughter, stopped suddenly short, and the tears came into his eyes.

“And what did you think of me?” said he, after I had finished.

I told him as plainly as language could speak it, for I knew—I was satisfied now that the man before me was no more mad than myself, whatever else he might be.

“Sir,” said he in reply, “I wonder at your courage; we must be better acquainted. I do not ask who you are, I do not even wish you to know who I am, in the outward ceremonials of life. Names are nothing. No matter who I am, or what my rank is; though at the time you saw me first, which I am astonished to find was only a year ago, instead of two years—”

“Fifteen months to a day,” said I; “I have just been through the calculation—”

“Well then, fifteen months to a day, at the time you saw me first, I was a visitor at Arundel, and the occupier of a prince’s pew in church, and, of course (with a bitter sneer), the companion of princes. Go with me; we will take a turn or two over these absurdly contrived grounds, where the revenues of a nation have been wasted upon a toy-shop and a baby-house, and then, if you have nothing to interfere with

it, I shall be happy to offer you a plain dinner at my chambers; I do not say at my hotel, for mine is everybody's hotel who can pay for it."

Well, not to delay the best part of the story—the end, after a long walk we dined together; and so we did the next day and the next and the next, until I had begun to feel the strongest admiration of this man's powers, and the greatest curiosity to find him out. He lived a very retired life, saw no company, and was only known as Mr. Smith; and yet he was young—not over thirty-five, wealthy, handsome in spite of his nose, high-bred, and highly accomplished. Never did I see such strength of mind united with such brilliancy of imagination; such sober good sense united with such fervour of enthusiasm.

At last, after an intimacy of a whole month, during which I met him almost every day, having seen him grow suddenly pale—as pale as death, one afternoon as we were passing a fountain, he led me into a café, called for a private room furnished without mirrors, and having, to my surprise, pushed a sofa against the door, asked me if I had ever observed any thing strange in his behaviour since we had been acquainted. I hardly knew what to say, every thing he did was strange; and, after he had repeated the question, I told him so.

But instead of being displeased, he appeared pleased with my plain dealing. "We understand each other now," said he. "I know what your opinion of me is, I feel sure—quite sure; but before I proceed further, 'to make assurance doubly sure,' allow me to ask you if you think me a—a—," tapping his forehead with his fore finger, "a—a—."

There was something so cheerful in his eye when he did this, so comical about his mouth and so unlike all I had ever seen before in him, that I laughed in his face.

"I am satisfied—and yet—yet—;" again his whole countenance altered, and his eyes were filled anew; "and yet, my dear fellow, I am a *haunted man*!"

I stared, and then he burst into another of those fits of uncontrollable laughter, which continued until the tears ran down his cheeks and fell, drop after drop, from the very tip end of that remarkable nose, which I never can get out of my head, upon the crimson velvet sofa, to which he was clinging with all his might, as if to steady himself in his paroxysm of mirth. I began to feel uneasy, to grow dignified, to fear that, of the two, I was more to be pitied than he, and after a while to wax wrath. But when he looked up, a minute afterwards, with that wo-begone piteous expression which he sometimes wore, I saw that he

was a broken-hearted man. I knew that some unaccountable sorrow was eating him away at the core ; I could see it in his eyes, I could hear it in his low breathing, and I forgave him. He observed the change in my aspect, I suppose ; for he began that moment to tell me his story without another word of circumlocution or apology. "I must lay my case before you," said he : "you deserve it. Some of your notions with regard to my strange malady are so comforting—so strengthening to the only hope I have left, that I must lay open my whole heart to you. You do not understand me, I see. The notions I allude to have been pilfered from you in our ordinary conversation, after a lounge through the hospitals and dissecting rooms. I do not ask of you to cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff which makes other men mad ; I have nothing to do with love, less with ambition ; I am neither a guilty nor a disappointed man—you begin to breathe more freely I perceive—but I do 'ask you to minister to a mind diseased,' to 'pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,' to bring 'some sweet oblivious antidote'—I care not what, the phial of death would be welcome to me if it could be administered by mistake ; for, to tell you the truth, I have not the courage—courage men call it—to destroy myself ; though there is not a day in the year, hardly an hour

in the day, when death would not be welcome to me—any death.”

I believed him. There was that in every look, and that in every tone of his deep, quiet, smooth voice, which made belief a thing of necessity.

He continued. “About fourteen years ago I was bitten by a dog”—

I started, I suppose; for, to say the truth, I was completely thrown off my guard by the suddenness and strangeness of this communication. He dropped his eyes when they met mine, turned very pale, and then added—

“A favourite spaniel of my mother’s, a water spaniel not bigger than a large cat, poor Flora; and fourteen years ago.” As he said this, he tried to laugh, but the laugh died away with a convulsive motion of the eyes, and a slight quiver of the under lip. “And yet, sir, although, as you see, I have nothing on earth to fear, still I am a haunted man—haunted by strange human faces bowing to me, and firmly persuaded that one day or other I shall die of hydrophobia, and be smothered between two feather-beds. Did you ever hear any thing so ridiculous?”

“Never,” said I, wondering what would be the issue of all this. “But I should like to ask you one question—was the dog mad?”

“ Ah, I had forgotten the best part of the whole story,” and here he laughed—“ ha, ha, ha—we never knew; she ate and drank well to the last: I was drinking at the time she bit me—ha, ha, ha! But she sickened and died soon after, and we had reason to believe that a very decided case of hydrophobia occurred, among the hounds of a neighbour, where Flora had been visiting. You are astonished, of course, at my folly.”

I knew not what to say. I began to have a very uncomfortable misgiving, not so much on the score of hydrophobia, as on that of partial derangement; when, all at once, it flashed into my mind that his reason for hurrying off so abruptly, when we happened to be walking near the fountain that plays in the garden of the palais-royal, and peradventure his frequent refusal to take wine after it was ordered and poured out, a thing I had observed that very day and often before, might proceed from his dread of liquids. A cold shiver ran through my veins at the bare idea—a thrill of horror. And there he sat eyeing me, as if the very next word I spoke would be a matter of life and death to him. He began to be dreadfully agitated—and so indeed was I: for, after trying to rally my powers and change the current of conversation, I found it impossible; I had neither the courage nor

the ability; I could not have breathed a light word for the next half hour, to save a fellow creature's life. Other circumstances now crowded upon my recollection: his unwillingness to sit in a draught of cold air, as he called it, though it came through a key-hole; his trying to persuade me one day to shave without a glass, and never look into one for any purpose whatever, glasses being too effeminate for men, he said; his breaking out in a fit of ungovernable fury on our entering his room at the café, because a waiter, in opening the door, had let in the light of a dozen flashing mirrors upon us, which they were preparing to cover the walls with; his habit of looking away or shutting his eyes and swallowing his coffee by tea-spoonfuls and gulp after gulp; his strange reason for preferring chocolate—strange till now, because they made it so thick. Nay more—and again my blood thrilled at the recollection—perhaps the poor fellow's behaviour in church, where I first saw him, was entirely owing to the same dreadful aversion to liquids!

“You do not answer me; it cannot be possible that you have any fears on my account? Consider the length of time; the species of animal, for the water dog, you know, is never afflicted with hydrophobia; the doubtfulness, moreover, of her being in

that way, apart from this fact, about which all naturalists concur, do they not?"

What could I say? In the first place, we have no *proof* with regard to any species of dog that would justify the position of poor Smith; for if they cannot originate the disease, they may communicate it, perhaps, as Newfoundland dogs do: naturalists do not even pretend to know any thing about the subject. In the next place, what proof had he that the dog in question was a water dog; the size and the fact of its being a lap-dog or a family pet, were both unfavourable to the supposition.

I referred him to books. "The devil take your books," said he: "it was they and your infernal newspapers that first set me thinking of this frightful possibility. I read volumes and volumes in all the languages of Europe, and they left me more than half dead from their tenor. I met with cases well authenticated, beautifully authenticated, of symptoms appearing eighteen, twenty, and even thirty years after the bite, followed by death, sir, death. Dr. Bardsley, of Manchester, mentions a case of twelve years, you know; and the Dictionary of Medical Sciences another of ten years. From that moment I was no longer master of myself; I had forgotten the circumstance of the bite entirely, and should never have remem-

bered it again, but for a death, reported in the newspapers, which could only be traced to an incident of three years' standing. I applied, forthwith, to a most eminent physician, who prescribed liverwort and black-pepper; to a second, who gave me belladonna, hydrochlorine or oxymuriatic acid, opium, and the Lord knows what, in doses large enough to kill if they did not cure; to a third, who insisted on bleeding me to death. At the end of which time I concluded to throw aside my books, read no more newspapers, and never allow another great man to prescribe for me while I breathed the breath of life.

“And I have kept my resolution. You are the first to whom I have told my story: and you will be the last. No human creature but you; not even my brothers, and I have three entirely worthy of confidence; not even my poor wife, whom I have abandoned only because I love her too much to let her know the cause of my malady; ever did or ever shall know the true cause of my suffering and bereavement; for at times it is a bereavement, and a terrible one, as you saw that day in the little church, where my second paroxysm fell upon me, and left me stretched out upon the floor, without strength to move or even to cry out.”

“The second?—and fifteen months ago?” said I;

and a thought struck me : I trembled from head to foot, wondering, at the same time, why it had not struck me before ; how could I be so stupid ! “ Will you allow me to ask you two or three questions ? ” said I.

“ Two or three hundred if you please : what are they ? ”

“ Have you ever had any symptoms to trouble you ? ”

“ Yes ; ” and his countenance fell.

“ What are they ? ”

“ All of one sort : an aversion to liquids ; a periodical fear of any thing and every thing in swift motion, so that a fly touching my face would make me jump out of the chair. You wonder at me of course, and, to tell you the truth, I wonder at myself. You know, and I know, that my fears are childish, preposterous ; that the cases I have referred to are impossible in the very nature of things.”

He grew very earnest here ; but I saw by his eagerness and trepidation that he was trying to persuade himself, not me, of the truth of what he said.

“ Impossible in the very nature of things ; and yet they work with me by night and by day, wearing me to the grave and unfitting me for all the purposes of life. Twenty times a day when I am alone—for in the presence of others I live in continual terror of

betraying myself—I go up to a mirror in the next room, for I allow of none, as you observe, in my own; and the detestable fashion here of building their wain-scots of looking glasses and gold-leaf I cannot endure; or I put myself in the way of a current of air, merely to see if I can do so without uneasiness; and every night of my life I wake thirsty and feverish, and lying hour after hour longing, and yet dreading, to lift a glass of cold water to my parched lips. In the name of God, therefore, what am I to do?”

“When did these symptoms first appear?”

“About five years ago; nine years after the accident. Ah! your countenance brightens up! sure you have something more than a hope to comfort me with!”

His tone of voice went to my heart; I could have fallen upon his neck as if he had been a younger brother suddenly snatched from death. “It is a pity,” said I, “that, having read so much, you did not read more.”

“Why so?—I was tired to death, and frightened to death, and have been so at intervals ever since; my fears pulling one way and common sense another.”

“Will you put yourself under my care?”

“No.”

“Will you read a book or two?”

“A medical book?—no never; I would as soon read one of your essays,” bowing. I laughed of course, and so did he; what else could we do?

“Have you any other symptoms?” continued I.

“No.”

“Then I will undertake your cure. The symptoms you mention are not by any means confined to hydrophobia; there, there, do not be agitated, hear me through; the dread of water is not a conclusive symptom, any more than aerophobia, a dread of air, or pantiphobia, a dread of every thing. In point of fact there never is a dread of water; but, on the contrary, a desire of water. Fear of itself, the mere apprehension of such a death, is now generally known to be capable of producing all the symptoms that you are afflicted with.”

He started from his chair, and demanded proof.

“John Hunter mentions a case, and Barbantini another.”

“Where, where?”

“In the Italian Journal of Physic and Chemistry, 1817, where the individual who had been bitten, and was lying at the point of death under all the worst symptoms of hydrophobia, was restored by having the dog led into his chamber and shown to him in perfect health.”

"I wont read the cases myself," said he, "I wont, I wont, I have said so and I'll stick to it: but I'll tell you what I will do—if you will read them to me, by heaven," capering about the room like a madman, "I'll build a temple to you!"

"Yet more," said I, "the symptoms you mention are not only insufficient to convict you of hydrophobia; but sufficient of themselves, and perfectly conclusive, to show that you are free from that awful distemper."

"How so?"

"The length of time since you were first attacked, and the long intervals; had you read more upon the subject, or less, you might have been cured long ago."

"Sir—doctor—my friend; I wont put myself under your care; but if you will make up a prescription, I'll copy it; and if you'll tell me what to do, I'll do it."

"Agreed. Go home to your wife. Take your regular exercise, night and morning. Avoid strange faces"—he bowed here with the utmost gravity. "Go through a course of gymnastics in the open air. Have done with feeling your pulse, with medical books and cases reported in the newspapers; and, above all, copy the following prescription:

“ Pil. pan. pleb. vel domest. 4 un.

Aq. font. frig. ad lib.

Mel. com. 3 un.

Sinap. alb. &c. &c. ad lib.”

He did so. We parted: and that day twelvemonth, after my return to Philadelphia, he wrote me to say, that he was the happiest fellow on the face of the earth, perfectly cured of every thing in the world, except his wife, and so much of hydrophobia as consisted in the dread of water; for, in spite of my prescription, he had never been able, and was afraid he never should be able, to overcome his repugnance to that liquid, though he had contrived a substitute for *aq. font. frig. ad lib.* in *vin. rub. ex Portu. vetust. opt. quant. suff.* or the very best of old port wine, and a plenty of it. To be sure he was still a haunted man; but then he was only haunted with the ghost of a long buried dyspepsia.

NAPOLEON AT SAINT HELENA.

[BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

Oh for thy wings,
Monarch of air ! that I might mount on high,
And find no meaner barrier than the sky ;
My spirit springs
Beyond the ties that bind it down to earth,
And fain, like thee, would soar to seek its place of
birth.

Away, away
To that high goal where all my wishes lead,
Thought rushes onward with a whirlwind's speed ;
Curse on the clay
Which, like a fetter, cumpers my soul's flight,
And chains me at the foot of fame's cloud-compass'd
height.

Bound to the rock,
While vulture passions all my being waste,
Forbidden e'en the stirring joy to taste
Of danger's shock ;
Lo, I am doom'd the Titan's pain to know,
Without the conscious pride that banish'd half his wo.

How have I toil'd
To blend my country's glory with my fame,
Till both should be eternal. Shame, deep shame,
To be thus foil'd,
Thus doom'd to see the robe of purple torn
From off her giant limbs, and trampled on in scorn !

Am I not he,
Whose strong right arm the bolt of vengeance hurl'd,
Whose name, like thunder, shook the echoing world ?
And can it be
That, like a mean and slave-born hind, I lie
Thus manacled and spurn'd, yet do not dare to die ?

Oh God of heaven,
Let me not perish thus beneath thine ire !
Where sleep thy lightnings ? strike ! By thine own
fire
Be my heart riven ;

But leave me not thus piecemeal to decay,
Reft of the power to drive the earth-worms from
their prey.

THE DUTCH MAIDEN.

From the Batavische Arcadia of John Van Heemskerk.

AH lovely maiden ! why so long
Unkindly hast thou spurn'd my love ?
When shall my true, my mournful song,
So oft repeated, pity move ?

Seest thou yon glorious Rhine that flows,
Careering proudly, glittering bright !
No wave that in the sunshine glows,
Once pass'd, again shall cheer thy sight.

Ah so, believe me, life must fly,
Ah so, believe me, beauty fade !
Nor wealth, couldst thou rich hoards supply,
Time's rapid footstep e'er has stay'd.

Thy buoyant life, thy beauty, then,
Enjoy while they are surely thine ;



Painted by G. S. Newton.

Engraved by J. H. Neale.

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE,



Wait not to call them back again,
Or o'er neglected hours repine.

Now, all around, love's purple light,
Its bless'd enchantment strives to throw ;
Oh ! wouldst thou linger till the night
Of death has shrouded all below ?

THE REVOLUTIONARY OFFICER.

BY MISS LESLIE.

HONOUR to him, the veteran chief,
Whose sand is almost run !
Honour to him ! and thanks and praise
For all that he has done !

Oh faintly burns the vital flame
When four-score years have pass'd !
Yet still for him one spark remains
That kindles to the last.

The warrior's soul lights up and shines
When memory fans the fire,
And gallant deeds of former times
The martial tale inspire.

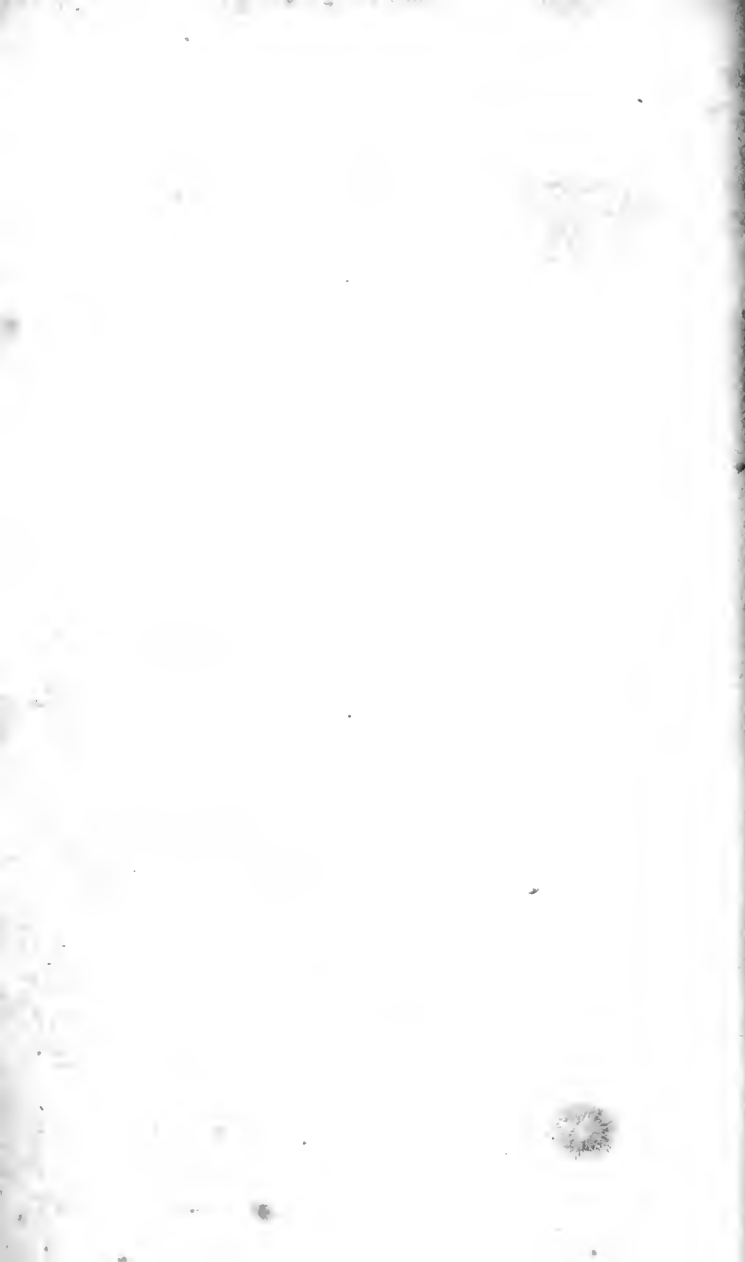
He firmly for his country stood,
In suffering and in strife ;



Painted by J. Sanders

Engraved by Geo. B. Ellis

LORD BYRON IN EARLY YOUTH.



And pledged his honour in her cause,
His fortune and his life.

Those locks that time has silver'd o'er,
Though white and scanty now,
In many a field of freedom's war
Waved darkly o'er his brow.

That nerveless arm, that shrivel'd hand,
Once strong in manhood's power,
Has wielded oft the flashing steel
In danger's fiercest hour.

That voice, whose manly tones are gone,
Could manly hearts excite,
And cheer'd his country's legions on
To Monmouth's conquering fight.

Those ears, whose sense is failing fast,
Have heard the trumpet horn
That sounded for the southern horse,
On Eutaw's glorious morn.

Those eyes, now dimm'd by age, have seen,
At York's eventful fall,

Cornwallis yield his captive sword,
Triumphant close of all !

Then wonder not that glowing youth
Invites the story still ;
And wonder not that woman's heart
Responds to every thrill.

Honour to him, the veteran chief,
Whose sand is almost run !
Honour to him ! and thanks and praise
For all that he has done !

A WARNING FROM THE GOLD MINE.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

YE who rend my bed of earth,
Mark me ! from my lowly birth.
Ye, in me, to light will bring
What will rise and be your king !
I shall rule with tyrant sway,
Till ye rue my natal day ;
High and low my power shall own,
I will make the world my throne !

He who worships me shall be
Martyr, dupe, or slave to me ;
Love and friendship, on the way
To his idol, he will slay ;
Conscience, I will still her cry ;
Truth, for me, shall bleed and die.
I will be a chain to bind,
Down to the earth, the immortal mind.

Though ye try me by the fire,
It will only heat my ire ;
Though my form ye often change,
'Twill but give me wider range.
For my sake, the poor shall feel,
On his face, his neighbour's heel.
Then I'll turn, and, taking wing,
Leave with avarice but a sting.

I will be a spur to crime ;
Ye will sell your peace through time ;
And a long eternity
Of remorse shall come for me !
Now am I here without offence,
But if ever taken hence,
Man will eat a bitter fruit
Springing from a golden root.

THE MORTGAGE.

BY GODFREY WALLACE.

IN one of these United States, and somewhat removed from the great highways of business or fashion, there is an ancient, most respectable, and very dignified village, which, in former times, ranked as the place of the first importance, in what was then a province of the king of Great Britain. Its commerce was considerable for the period, and its society was eminently aristocratic. The former has now dwindled to nothing, and the latter has given way to the plain equalities of republicanism. The village clusters its anti-revolutionary edifices around the base, and creeping up the sides, of a hill which rises from the centre of a peninsula, formed by the near approach, the subsequent receding, and the final junction of a broad bold river, and a lesser tributary. Within sight, one of the most noble of the inland waters of

the United States stretches, far to the east and west, into the dim and remote horizon. A few craft are to be seen at the dilapidated wharves, and the occasional arrival of a steamboat always brings part of the population to learn the news, and to greet the new comers with looks of most pertinacious and momentous curiosity. But time was, when the village in question presented a very different appearance; when the bustle of prosperity, and the elegances of fashion sat gracefully upon it, like rare apparel upon a fair and joyous maiden, young, and proud, and conscious of importance. It is to this period that we now turn, with feelings of more pleasant retrospection than are connected with any of our recent reminiscences of the place. The exact date of our narrative we do not pretend to give; suffice it to say, that it was before the stamp act became a subject of grievance, and long before the whispers of independence were breathed in the then contented colonies of Great Britain in North America. Civilization and refinement, however, had obtained secure footing in the new world, and there was little in the intercourse of the better classes of society to do discredit to the courtly polish of the parent land. But to our story.

Let us imagine ourselves in a large and lofty apartment, one of many similar to it, in a mansion of

the first note in the village we have been describing. The walls were wainscoted; over the fire-place, at one extremity of the room, rose the lofty mantle; and above that, was the usual pannel with its pediment and urn. On either side were deep recesses, occupied by capacious sofas, with their scrolled arms and waving backs and downy cushions, inviting to idleness and making one drowsy to look at them. Two windows on the right hand side of the apartment were now closed and concealed by rich and heavy draperies; and between them, and occupying the whole breadth of the broad pier, was the immense mirror, tricked out with its frame of open carved work; and a collection of rare exotics bloomed on the table beneath it, despite the chill and ungenial airs of latter autumn. The opposite side of the room, excepting the space occupied by two doors, was graced by the portraits of the family. Below these stood the harpsichord, open, and with sheets of music scattered about it, and a pair of female gloves, richly embroidered, after the fashion of the time, lying near the keys, as if the instrument had been but recently used. Opposite to the fire-place, and flanked with portraits, was a tall dark-looking press or book-case, with many handles and plates of polished brass, and exhibiting its full share of elaborate carving. Fire screens of curiously

embroidered satin, supported on their long thin wands, and ponderous chairs with richly worked cushions, and tables to match, were ranged around the walls in fitting order. The floor was covered with a Turkey carpet, soft and elastic to the tread; and, before the hearth, a rug of gay and well contrasted colours, exhibited its worsted beauties in the fire light. In the centre of the room a table of some size sustained a massive silver waiter, on which was arranged the tea equipage of the same costly metal. Benvenuto Cellini himself would have applauded the bold and exquisite chasing of every article, from the tall coffee pot with its alto-relievos of festooned flowers, to the spoon whose only ornament was the highly finished scallop shell upon the extremity of the handle. A pair of tall candlesticks, heirlooms, from the great antiquity of their appearance, supported the lights, whose rays, although glittering merrily upon the surrounding plate, scarcely penetrated the remoter parts of the room. Two ladies were seated at the table, and near the book-case stood the gray headed negro, who attended upon the evening meal, scarcely distinguishable, in the dusky light, from the objects about him.

It was the mother and her eldest daughter who occupied the apartment, around the garniture of

which we have just been glancing. At first sight, the two might have been mistaken for sisters. Time, which had brought to the full perfection of womanly grace the expanding beauties of the child, had touched with a light hand the proud and stately features and figure of the mother, as if fearing to efface what might once have been considered as a *chef d'œuvre*, before another had been matured to replace it. Both were silent. Mrs. Cameron, for thus will we designate the widowed mistress of the mansion, was exclusively occupied with a letter, on the contents of which she continued steadily to gaze long after their first perusal. Adelaide, for so was her daughter named, was idly tracing the fantastic ornaments of the rich old plate before her, glancing occasionally across the table, and fixing for a moment her eyes on her mother's face, in the vain attempt to read there the cause of her abstraction.

"Adelaide," said Mrs. Cameron at last, after gazing at the half averted countenance of her daughter, whereon joyous and grave thoughts did chase each other, as do the sunlights and the shadows of the clouds upon the landscape. "Mother," answered the daughter after a moment's pause, as if she had awaited the further speech that might be intended to follow the utterance of her name. Mrs. Cameron

remained silent; but casting her eye once more over the letter which we have mentioned, she closed and handed it to Adelaide, who, with but little apparent curiosity, slowly unfolded the paper. "'Tis from Hammond of Ignatius," she said, after she had glanced at the few first lines, and then stopped as if impatient of the trouble of reading the entire epistle. "Truly, mother, the man writes a marvellous fair hand, and as his diction is very proper, he might do for a dominie to the children of the place." "The letter concerns you too deeply, my child, to be the object of your sport," answered Mrs. Cameron; "nor is Hammond of Ignatius wont to be lightly treated." "Nay, mother, nay, you are too serious; 'tis the same old ditty, repeated so often as to become the fair subject of mirth. Do not frown upon me, mother; for that were to visit the sins of Hammond of Ignatius upon me. He seeks my hand, he says, and thinks it worth importunity to obtain; and this letter is but the reiteration in stronger terms of his hopes of—'the honour' does he not term it?" "And is that all, Adelaide? have you noted fully all that he now urges to support his pretensions?" "I have not read line for line of his missive, mother; but I have no doubt the beginning is the ending thereof. I understand it all I believe, every syllable—even down to the boast,

that Adelaide Cameron shall be endowed with a full proportion of his gold if she will wed him. He would buy, as I now understand, what he has at last ceased to imagine that he can win." "Perhaps so, my child; but did you remark the terms of the purchase that you speak of—the mortgage?" "Terms!" interrupted Adelaide impatiently; "I must first learn the expediency of the sale, before I can begin to chaffer about the terms of payment with the would be purchaser of my affections." "The world's gear, Adelaide, commands the world's happiness, and the pride of power is stronger than the passion of love." "I have heard so, mother, from my cradle. You, yourself, can tell how early such doctrines were taught to me. But the world's gear is ours already, is it not? and even if it were otherwise, may not your doctrines be erroneous? and if they are so, who is this Hammond of Ignatius after all, that he may demand the sacrifice of my happiness? I know what you would say, mother: he is wealthy—I grant it; he is handsome and a gentleman—I have, I own, seen worse looking men; he has power and influence—you, mother, make me feel that it is so. But have they not said that his gold is gathered in those southern seas, where it can only be obtained by the sacrifice of human life in lawless and desperate

adventure? Has he ever accounted for those long years of absence, when he left home poor and came back rich? Do they not say that his angry speech is filled with Spanish oaths, such as might well be learned where he is suspected to have been? And did not the village ring with the agitation he evinced, when he accidentally met, soon after his return, the master of the schooner, whom we all know to be a smuggler now, and a buccaneer of old; and is there not yet more between them, than can be accounted for in the ordinary intercourse of a gentleman of his bearing, and a weather-worn mariner without character and to all appearance powerless to harm him? And as to his good looks, mother, there are more proper men in the province than even Hammond of Ignatius. And as to his power, unless when it is delegated to you, mother, it may keep his slaves in awe and silence the tongue of impertinent suspicion, but I certainly ought to be beyond its influence.”—

“Adelaide, Adelaide,” interrupted Mrs. Cameron, “why repeat the idle surmises of a few envious inferiors? Two years have almost passed away since Hammond returned, and no one remembers what you now speak of, but to disbelieve it all. I fear, however, my child, that your objections to Hammond are independent of himself. Childish fancies may some-

times exist in opposition to all the suggestions of duty, pride, or self respect. Is it not so?"

Adelaide felt that her mother's eyes were upon her, and the rich blood tingled in her very temples. Mrs. Cameron's meaning, as she emphasized every word, although couched in a common-place abstraction, was well understood by her daughter, and the latter, piqued at her own consciousness, answered in a more excited tone than she had yet used: "Hammond of Ignatius may find many whom his gold may purchase to be his bride. When he seeks me on such terms his pursuit becomes an insult, which I, as a woman, and you, as a mother, should resent. The hand and the heart shall, at all events, not be severed by me." "The hand and the heart!" repeated Mrs. Cameron, in measured accents of the deepest irony, approaching to contempt; "these are new doctrines, Adelaide, for you to advocate. To my mind, the broad lands and bright gold of Hammond of Ignatius would form a better dowry than whole volumes of such useless sentimentality." "Nay, mother, mention not the name," said Adelaide impatiently, "I detest the very sound of it; who could do otherwise that ever knew him that bears it?" "Adelaide Cameron could, some short month since," answered the other, "when Hammond of Ignatius was without

a rival, and permitted to buy or at least to bargain for what he could not win ; when the union of heart and hand was not considered, by the lady in question, as too intimate to be severed." "Mother, mother, taunt me not with the past," said Adelaide ; "I was weak and silly at the time you speak of." "Say rather, such is your conduct now. Power, wealth, and the happiness that follows them, are within your grasp, and you cast them from you." "I do, upon the terms on which they are offered. I do cast them from me, as I now cast the letter that offers them into the flames." As she spoke, Adelaide threw the letter of Hammond of Ignatius upon the blazing fire of the hearth, where, the next moment, it was consumed. "Silly girl," said Mrs. Cameron, who, apparently unmoved, had marked the disappearance of the last remnant of the paper, without any effort to prevent its destruction, "is that burnt-offering which you have made, intended to avert the attentions of Hammond, or to propitiate one whom you would willingly constitute his rival, but who cares not to enter into the competition. Which is your object?" Adelaide made no reply to her mother's words ; and the latter continued in the same strain of irony. "I am not exactly the fitting audience, Adelaide, before whom to enact the scene which I have witnessed just

now. I cannot appreciate its pathos, although I well understand the feeling which dictated it. Nor am I the only one, my child, to whom the holocaust, the sacrifice would be valueless. Francis Russell could hardly prize it less than I do." "Mother, I am glad you have spoken openly at last: I am glad you have named his name. Better thus, than that constant allusion which you wanted me to understand, and which I understood full well, but could not reply to. Francis Russell's heart, they say, is in another's keeping: to me, he is nothing; nor, were it in my power, should it be otherwise." "I have read your feelings too truly, Adelaide, and know well the place which is occupied by Francis Russell. Did I doubt my knowledge, your own admission, that, though constantly alluded to by me, you could not bring yourself to be the first to utter his name, would confirm me in my opinion. Do not interrupt me, Adelaide. I would root out this feeling of preference, to call it by no softer name, for one who cannot appreciate you, one who is poor and powerless, and to whom this form of perfect beauty"—and the mother passed her own white and well turned arm around the polished neck of her daughter—"is an object not deemed by him to be worthy of his notice. Look, Adelaide," and Mrs. Cameron's voice became

modulated to tones of syren softness, "look, dearest Adelaide, at yon tall mirror, and tell me—whisper it softly, love, if your blushes will not let you utter it aloud—tell me, whether, of the crowds of those who have passed before it, here, or in that far land from which it came, there was ever one that surpassed or even equalled her who is now reflected there; but whom Francis Russell would not turn to gaze at? Shall it be said that she was offered to him, and spurned? Look at that mirror, loveliest, and answer me."

Adelaide had listened to her mother with varying thoughts, and, despite her own inclinations, felt the proud spirit of her parent rising within her bosom, at the idea of bestowing her affection where it was not returned. Mrs. Cameron saw that her spell was working, and playfully turned her daughter's head until her eyes rested, almost perforce, upon the mirror. "See, dearest," she said: "whom else could it be necessary to force to gaze at her own loveliness; and shall my own fair daughter be neglected by Francis Russell, and he still cherished?"

Little disposed as Adelaide felt, at the moment, to listen to the suggestions of her own vanity, yet a pleased expression, almost a smile, passed for an instant across her features, as she looked at her

reflected figure in the mirror. Mrs. Cameron observed it, short as was its duration, and pressed the advantage that she had gained. "See now," she said, taking a sprig of myrtle from the vase which stood beneath the mirror, and placing it in her daughter's hair, "see now, I would crown thee, Adelaide, and then turn subject or votary myself. But stay, the dark green leaf looks too sadly by itself; let me add these roses, and the chaplet will be complete." "No more, mother," said Adelaide, with a melancholy smile, "no more. I fear me, you are only decking the victim for the sacrifice. If I remember my school-girl lore aright, the offering to any of the gods, from Jupiter to Plutus, was always presented with a fillet round its brows. Was it not so, mother?"

Mrs. Cameron bit her lips, at the partial failure of her attempt to banish all but personal considerations from her daughter's breast. This was certainly not the time to press the suit of Hammond as she had intended; but still his cause was not a hopeless one. "Vanity and pride," said she to herself, "are powerful agents; let them only aid me this time, and my child shall yet dispense the wealth and participate the power of Hammond of Ignatius." "Adelaide, Adelaide," she continued aloud, "why talk of fillets and victims, love? though truly I would save you from

being the victim of what the sentimentalist calls the feelings of the heart. Your fancies are idle, dearest, and sad too. You would fain quarrel with your mother for wishing to see this fair and lofty brow," and Mrs. Cameron kissed it as she spoke, "bearing the pearl or the diamond, in place of the myrtle and the rose. But your will shall be mine, dearest, so long as you do not yield yourself up a prey to feelings which are disdained and unrequited. My own Adelaide must be above the weakness that can brook contempt. Let Hammond of Ignatius, love, take care of his own interests. He has wit, learning, wealth and influence sufficient to master the world unaided; and, did he even require my assistance, he should never receive it in opposition to the wishes of my child." Adelaide looked full in her mother's face as she thus spoke; and this last meeting the gaze, without suffering the affectionate smile which she wore upon her features to undergo any change during the examination, the daughter was temporarily deceived. She took the silver bell from the table and rung it long, to make the epilogue, she said, to the tragedy; but in fact to silence, for the instant, the thronging and uncertain thoughts of her own heart.

A loud and sudden noise in the room followed the sound of the bell. In the earnestness of the conver-

sation the candles had been suffered to burn dimly around the tall and melancholy wicks, and the bright blaze of the fire light seemed to have expired in the task of consuming the letter of Hammond, so that the more remote parts of the spacious room had become gloomy and indistinct. In one of these, as we have before remarked, was standing the domestic who attended upon the evening meal, and whose presence, if noticed at the commencement of the recent discussion, it now appeared, had been entirely overlooked, during its prolonged continuance. He might have slept as he leaned against the tall book-case; and when he was roused suddenly by the bell, the heavy silver waiter, the mark of his office, falling from his hand, had clanked upon the floor and produced a momentary alarm in those, who before imagined themselves the sole occupants of the apartment. He now came forward with awkward apologies, which Mrs. Cameron interrupted by quietly desiring him to perform his accustomed duty; and in a few moments the tea equipage disappeared, the lights again burnt brightly, the fire blazed up cheerily, and Adelaide and her mother were certainly alone. The minds of both, however, were too busily occupied for further conversation. "He slept, did he not?" said Adelaide

at last, as she caught the inquiring glance of Mrs. Cameron, after it had rested for a moment upon the spot where the domestic had lately stood. "Perhaps so," was the brief, but expressive reply; and, in a short time, the two silently separated for the night.

The preceding conversation has, we believe, so far developed the characters of Mrs. Cameron and her daughter, as to render further illustration or remark, at this time, unnecessary; and it has been sufficient, we hope, to explain the circumstances under which the plot of our narrative has its origin.

Some time elapsed after the evening here mentioned without any further attempt, on the part of Mrs. Cameron, to influence the choice of her daughter. Hammond was left to plead his own cause, and to do this, it may well be supposed, that he did not want opportunities. Now the fact is, that Adelaide Cameron, although the heroine of a story, had a heart and impulses just like your own, my fair reader. In good truth, the attentions of one, who, proud and arrogant to all the rest of the world, was humble and devoted to her alone, produced some effect in his favour; especially when mortified pride hourly prompted her to prove, by her conduct, that any suspicions which might have arisen among her ac-

quaintances, respecting her feelings to Russell, were wholly without foundation. More powerful motives were soon, however, to influence her conduct.

Balls and parties were of as early date as the days of good queen Anne, at all events; and the wealth and aristocracy of the village had introduced them, in no unworthy imitation of the fashionable assemblages of the parent country. It was from one of these that Adelaide, fatigued with admiration, saddened by her own thoughts, and gradually rendered out of harmony with the scene around her, returned home at an earlier hour than was her wont. She bade good night to the bevy of attendant admirers, who accompanied her to the door of her mother's house, and entering the hall without removing the dark cloak in which she was enveloped, ascended the staircase leading to the drawing room. The light step of her fairy foot gave no warning of her approach, and she stood at the half open door of the apartment, without having disturbed two persons in low and earnest conversation within. In another moment she would have joined them, had she not caught the sound of her own name, uttered in a tone which satisfied her that she was the immediate subject of their conference. Shall we utter a tirade against listeners, and attempt an apology: or shall we refer the propriety of Adelaide's

conduct to the judgment and probable practice of our fair readers under similar circumstances? We prefer the latter, and will proceed; more especially as the development of our story depends upon Adelaide's discoveries.

The room was the same that we have before described, and Mrs. Cameron was again one of the occupants. A tall and rather slender man, of fair complexion and light and quick blue eyes, whose person would have been awkward from an habitual stoop, were it not for an unvarying suavity of manners which gave the appearance of design and grace to what was a natural defect, was the companion of the lady. He stood on one side of the table which occupied the centre of the floor, and immediately opposite to him was seated Mrs. Cameron. A small bundle of papers lay before him, on one of which he placed his finger with a peculiar action, as if to draw towards it particular attention. The words which accompanied the gesture were those which had compelled Adelaide to become an unwilling listener. "This document," he said, "this poor specimen of clerkship might perhaps prove more potent in my suit to Adelaide, than my own merits, Mistress Cameron." "Why, then, not use it?" was the reply: "why not tell her, Master Hammond, that it is in your power

to make her a beggar or a bride? Why not say to Adelaide that the mortgage, which her father gave to you of all that he owned on earth, puts the fate of her mother and herself into your power? You have tried the protestations of passion; you have essayed to bribe my child with promises of unlimited wealth; perhaps her fears may stand you in good stead, when you deign to work on them with the record of her father's folly." "Mistress Cameron," answered the other, after a moment's pause, as if he would allow time for all the irritated feelings to subside, which the contemptuous irony of his companion's manner and words might have excited, "I came this evening to your house at your own invitation; and I would not that you should forget that I am a bidden guest, entitled to gentle courtesy when my hostess is a lady, and while I forget not that I am in a lady's presence. I hold, it is true, the fortunes of your family in this deed, the validity of which is placed beyond dispute by the proceedings and decree of the courts, that give me the right to sell your inheritance and your daughter's at my pleasure: but you mistake me when you believe that John Hammond, son of Ignatius, would owe his bride to the process of the law. My mortgage, Mistress Cameron, must one day be realized. It is my

wealth. Your daughter is yours. The game is fair : I stake one against the other." " Let me tell her so then," said Mrs. Cameron, rising from her chair, and pacing the apartment with unwonted agitation ; " let me tell her that her mother is a beggar on your bounty, eating her daily meals in plenty only by your sufferance. Would to heaven," she continued, clasping her hands over her face to conceal its emotions, " would to heaven that I had given up all when I discovered my dependence upon you, instead of yielding to that infatuated pride of wealth and power which has made me your slave, and my daughter your victim !" Mrs. Cameron paused for a moment, as if in agony ; and then went on. " But Adelaide must know it all. Come what may, Master Hammond, I will let her know her mother's situation and her own. She is the only proper judge in the matter of which we are speaking, and, before morning, she shall know all its circumstances." " Nay, that would grieve me much, Mistress Cameron," answered Hammond, in a mild and quiet tone, wrapping up, as he spoke, the papers that he had opened to exhibit the mortgage, " it would pain me more perhaps than I might allow ; for I should then cease to be her suitor, and the mortgage must be realized, without regard to its distressing consequences. I

want your daughter's love, madam. You look incredulous that one, of whose past life the world speaks roughly, but perhaps not quite untruly, should prate of love. But so it is. Wealth I have. Power has followed it. I now want affection, such as your child's heart is susceptible of. But I would reject even her fair self, if I had reason to suspect that she would become my wife, merely to preserve the enjoyment of that affluence of which she now thinks that you are the unquestioned possessor. No, Mistress Cameron, Adelaide must be under no influence but that of the feelings of her heart, when she accepts or rejects the hand of John Hammond." "And if she accepts it," said the other, "what of the mortgage?" "It is cancelled, for ever, for your use, your own particular and exclusive use; the game will have been played fairly, and your daughter will have redeemed the mortgage." "Should she reject your hand though?" asked Mrs. Cameron. "I much fear me, that the only tie existing between us will then be severed; law must then take the game and finish it; and I must find what consolation I may, in accumulated wealth, for a disappointment of the heart." As he spoke, Hammond placed his hand on his breast, and, with courtly suavity, bowed, as if about to take his leave, when Mrs. Cameron stopped him. "And

is this your final meaning ; and must I not tell Adelaide ? Oh, do not, do not, I beseech you, forbid me so imperatively." " Nay, forbid a lady ! that I could never do : but should it please you make the revelation, I have said what must be the consequences. I speak of the mortgage to secure the aid of Mistress Cameron in my behalf : and perhaps, because I doubt its having equal influence with her daughter. And now, lest that fair daughter should have the gay thoughts of the ball marred, on her return, by finding me in such grave conference with her mother, I must hurry, though unwillingly, from the pleasure of this society." And again Hammond made his courtly bow, and retired.

The first motion of Hammond to depart, had broken the spell which bound Adelaide to the spot during the conversation, and she hurried, unheard, towards her apartment. As she ascended the stairs, which led to it, she thought, for an instant, that she saw the old negro whom we have described, turning from them into the hall below. But the lamp there burned so dimly as to make all sight uncertain ; and, after a slight start, a momentary suspicion that she had not been the only listener, other thoughts rushed into and filled her breast. All that had before been inexplicable in Mrs. Cameron was now explained ;

the influence of Hammond of Ignatius was accounted for; his character was more developed than it had been; and, although Adelaide trembled at the idea of the power which he possessed and seemed determined to exercise, yet she could not avoid feeling moved to something like approbation at the chivalry of the sentiment, which required that her rejection or acceptance of him should be uninfluenced by the knowledge of her dependence, even though it was accompanied by the threat used against Mrs. Cameron, to compel her to make every effort to advance his interests with her child. Thoughts thronged with too much rapidity and confusion to permit Adelaide, at once, to decide upon her conduct with reference to the facts which she now knew to exist. She was bewildered rather than excited; and, when roused from her reverie, by hearing the hall door close upon Hammond, she followed her first impulse, and descended to the drawing room with the intention of relating to her mother all that she had overheard. When Adelaide entered the apartment, Mrs. Cameron was standing unmoved, in the attitude in which she received the parting salutation of her visitor, and did not at first notice her daughter's approach. Perhaps, however, a part of her abstraction might have been feigned, that she might restore her fea-

tures to their usual expression; for when she turned, as Adelaide addressed her, they wore the soft bland smile of perfect self-complacency, far different from the look of agony that distorted them more than once, during her conversation with Hammond of Ignatius. Her daughter started at the change, and the disclosure, that was upon her lips, was prevented by the gay and lightsome tone and manner in which Mrs. Cameron rallied her upon her pallid looks, and questioned her about her conquests at the ball. Concealment was evidently the wish of Mrs. Cameron; and Adelaide, defeated in her intentions by observing it, bore, uncommunicated, to her pillow, that night, the swelling weight of her anxious and inconclusive reflections.

Hammond, on leaving Mrs. Cameron, took his way to the water's edge at the end of the street, and followed the line of the beach for some distance to the westward, along the little estuary forming the immediate harbour of the town; then, crossing over a low and sandy point, he stood upon the shore of the river, which, as we have before said, here rolled its waters to the bay. It was a raw and blustering night; damp and fleecy clouds scudded across the sky before a brisk north-easter that dashed the waves, with no small violence, upon the sand, as it was opposed to the now receding tide. Hammond strode along, how-

ever, unmindful of the season, until he reached the river beach, where we have described, and where lay a small vessel, so near to the land, that a plank was sufficient to form a communication. The craft in question was a sea schooner, of the very smallest size that might venture in safety upon the broad ocean, with a purpose to cross it. She was neatly formed, and rigged after a knowing and jaunty fashion, as one might spare more pains to ornament a dwarf than to equip a full grown man: her gaffs had been lowered, but perhaps from carelessness, or, it might be, with a view to more immediate use; her fore and main sails lay in large folds upon the deck. This last supposition was rather confirmed, by the long boat being stowed between the masts, as usual during a voyage. One person only appeared on board, who was evidently awaiting the arrival of Hammond. "You are late to-night, Master Hammond," he said, as the latter reached the deck; "you were to have been here at the turn of tide, and it has been running out this half hour." "Caramba, what's the tide to me now-a-days, Merryweather. I am here, man, and let us to business, for time is running faster than the tide," was the reply of Hammond, during which he led the way to the companion, and the two descended into the low and contracted cabin of the schooner. Four

narrow births with lockers serving for benches in front of them, a small table fastened to the bulkhead, and a ship's lantern, constituted the whole furniture of the place, if we except a speaking trumpet, a trunk, and what appeared, from its canvass cover, to be a log book, carelessly thrown into one of the births. "You have let out a reef in your topsails since you were here last," said Merryweather, laughing, as Hammond, forgetting to stoop low enough, had his hat knocked off by the transom; "and you ought to know the height of the schooner's cabin, too, by this time." "Perhaps as well as yourself, Merryweather. One's not likely soon to forget even the scupper nails of the craft that has carried him to Eldorado, my boy." "Nombre de Dios, no!" said the other. "Would, Master Hammond, that we had not ceased to sail in company. The schooner wants ballast, and has been crank ever since you left her, poor thing. The Corazon del Fuego do n't deserve her name, when you do n't step the quarter deck." "By gones are by gones; and near two years on shore may have worked more change in me, than it seems to have done in your vessel, Merryweather," replied the other, after a pause of some moments, during which time the expression of his countenance responded, no doubt, to inward recollections of peri-

lous, but not unpleasing adventure. "But, mine old comrade," he continued, "I have not time for long yarns to-night. To business, to business, man, on the instant. A letter which I received to-day, by way of Boston, from Allen, Edwards, Smith & Co. of London, advises me that I may draw on them for nine thousand seven hundred and sixty pounds, the nett proceeds of your last voyage on my account. I have carried this to your credit, and I have also credited you with the case of jewels marked Santa Josepha B., three packages of plata pina, and the box of plate marked Calderon and three crosses Z. This closes the concern, Merryweather. The property won by me along the Spanish Main, and smuggled in corners at the time, until opportunity occurred to carry it away in safety, has now been realized to the last ingot; and I am satisfied." "Your reckoning's wrong though; the proceeds of the scuffle in the river of Guyaquil are still coming to you, and will make another cargo to England for the Corazon del Fuego; you have forgotten it, Master Hammond." "No, I have not forgotten one tittle of what I perilled life and soul to gain, mi amigo. But, Merryweather, the balance of your account for services rendered is not struck yet; and I propose to give you the whole interest in the Guyaquil matter, and to make you a

present of the schooner here and all my thanks, and put an end to that relation of debtor and creditor between us. Will it do as payment?" "If it must be, there 's no helping it, I suppose," answered the other, grasping Hammond's hand; "but I would rather go forward into the forecastle, without a second jacket to my back, than that you should part company with me for ever. It can 't be, Master Hammond, it can 't be; Caramba, it shall not!" "It must, Merryweather. The ocean has been my mistress and a pleasant one too; but I am wooing a fairer bride, man, than even the bright billows." "If that is all, Master Hammond, we'll go the long voyage yet together. They tell me in the village here, where people talk of their betters too freely perhaps, that the liking is all on one side, and that another has got the weather-gage of you in the lady's heart." Hammond listened quietly to this remark, and then rose from the seat he had occupied and stood under the skylight, the only part of the cabin that admitted his perpendicular extension. "Mi amigo, comrade mine," he said, placing his hand on Merryweather's shoulder, "I came not here to discuss the chances of a lady's liking. The schooner is yours; and the more profit you can make from the Guyaquil affair, the better will one who has served me faithfully be rewarded, and the

better shall I be pleased. John Hammond's last visit to the *Corazon del Fuego* will have been paid when he leaves her to-night. The next prize he seeks after must be the hand of the fair Adelaide; and, mark me, Merryweather, he will gain it." The master of the schooner was about replying, when the words "He never can" sounded distinctly in the little cabin from unseen lips. Merryweather started on his feet, and Hammond, as he stood, trembled at the uncalled response. "Is this mummerly of your contrivance?" said the latter fiercely, when the first feelings of surprise had passed. "Where are your men, sir?" "Ashore at the 'Jolly Tar:' too drunk, you may swear, to play eavesdroppers, Master Hammond; ten times too drunk to speak so plainly, if they were here." Hammond did not wait to hear the answer, but sprung up the companion ladder, and, followed by Merryweather, gained the deck. All was quiet. No human beings but themselves were visible, either in the schooner, or on the long line of beach on either side of her. They went forward to the fore-hatch. They looked into the long boat, and under it; and even cast their eyes upwards to the slender rigging of the craft; but their examination proved nothing but that they were alone, certainly alone. The mysterious voice was wholly unaccounted for; and after

a few vague surmises, Merryweather and his ancient officer separated silently, as those who feel that the parting is perhaps for ever, and who fear to trust their voices, lest they disgrace their manliness. Hammond turned, for an instant, when he gained the shore, and gave a single but intense look at the little vessel; then, waving his hand to Merryweather, who was leaning over the low bulwarks, he hurried towards the nearest houses of the village and disappeared among them.

It was some time after the events here described, that the gossip of the place announced the intended wedding of John Hammond, son of Ignatius, to Adelaide Cameron, and the rumour was understood to be authorized by the fact. The *Corazon del Fuego*, in the mean time, had departed and returned; the winter had passed away during its absence, and the mild and gentle breezes of April had wafted the smuggler, as Merryweather's vessel was reputed to be, on its return to its usual anchorage. A blessed immunity attended the mercantile peccadilloes of the day of which we write. Much greater sins, however, than a few small impositions on the customs, would have been overlooked in the general interest excited by the approaching marriage of 'Ham of 'Nace,' as he was vulgarly called, and the fair

Mistress Adelaide Cameron ; and, as usual on such occasions, what he said, and she said, and the old lady said, was as positively asserted as if read from the cramped record of a stenographic listener. In this instance, however, more of the truth got abroad than commonly escapes to the gossiping circles of a country village. The history of the mortgage was pretty well understood, probably through the talkative attorney who, it appeared, had obtained the decree of foreclosure under which, as we have seen, Hammond had threatened to sue ; and Adelaide's consent to be the bride of him, whom the lawyer termed the complainant in the cause, was attributed more to her mother's influence, and prudential considerations under the circumstances, than to any real affection for her intended husband. This indeed was a guess only ; but it was the truth. Adelaide and her mother had never spoken of the mortgage. Mrs. Cameron did not even know that her daughter was aware of its existence, but attributed her acceptance of Hammond's suit to that love of admiration, wealth and power which was so strong in her own heart ; and perhaps also to a report, then current, that Francis Russell was about becoming the husband of another. She little thought that her own altered looks, her evident and often agonized anxiety, which was

but too well understood by her daughter, had any influence in bringing about the result that, at one time, had seemed so improbable. It would be vain to attempt the analysis of Adelaide's feelings or motives at this juncture. She scarcely understood them herself. She gave no time to deliberation; and a feverish anxiety hurried her on. At one moment she viewed Hammond of Ignatius with sentiments of dread; again, carried away by the exhibition of some chivalrous trait in his character, dazzled by his wealth and importance, and gratified by a submissive reverence such as man scarce ever paid to woman, she fancied she was almost attached to him. One thing was now certain; she was his affianced bride, and short space only would elapse before she became his wife. Truly might the approaching wedding make gossips merry with employment all the day long. Besides, as if to give to the approaching festivities the greatest possible eclat, it so happened that a frigate of the king, returning homeward from a three years' cruise to the southward among the islands and beyond the cape, anchored in the roads; and its throng of gallant, gay, and handsome officers poured into the village from their long confinement on ship board, with all the wild and joyous revelry of their peculiar character and profession. Merriment, in sooth, was the order

of the day ; and even the old began to consider the present, under all the circumstances, as really quite an era in the history of the village. Hammond of Ignatius alone seemed to relish not the visit of the king's ship. Under pretence of preparation for his marriage, he avoided, most studiously, all intercourse with its officers. The *Corazon del Fuego*, too, had most unceremoniously disappeared from her usual anchorage, on the evening of the frigate's arrival. Graver matters than these, however, would have passed unnoticed in the present excitement.

In the mean time the arrangements for the marriage were rapidly proceeding ; and no one was more busily employed in perfecting them, than the ancient domestic of the Cameron family, whom we have already noticed. He was the prime minister of comestibles : but, notwithstanding his importance, the old man worked not on the occasion with his usual lightheadedness. Old Cæsar, in fact, knew too much of the real state of affairs, to permit him to feel any interest in the duty he was engaged in. He had been present, when, after a night of desperate debauch, Alexander Cameron, his master and the father of Adelaide, found that he had lost, in gaming, to Hammond of Ignatius, more than his whole estate was competent to satisfy. He was the only witness,

disqualified too by his colour, who knew this to be the cause of the mortgage that we have so often adverted to. Cæsar had heard the whole conversation between Mrs. Cameron and her daughter with which our narrative commences; and he, as well as Adelaide, had listened to what had passed between her mother and Hammond, on the evening of the ball. Cæsar had told his mistress all that he knew, and never for a moment supposed that she had concealed any portion of it from her daughter. Attached as he was to all of the name of Cameron, it may readily be supposed, therefore, that he found no pleasure in advancing the preparations for the marriage that must destroy the happiness of at least one member of the family, and that one too, whom he would have perilled life to save. In his communication to Mrs. Cameron, he had done all that seemed to him likely to prevent it. Still, however, it drew nearer and nearer; and at last there intervened but a single day. A vague hope now occurred to the old man that Merryweather might assist him to save Adelaide from Hammond; and he started up the river for the bay in which, he was aware, the schooner was concealed. He trudged lustily along the devious by-paths that led to it, now scrambling through the low undergrowth—now moving carefully over the swampy footing, and had

mastered, perhaps, half the distance, when he heard himself called from behind, and, turning round, saw the man he was in search of standing before him.

“How now, Cuffee, Sambo, devil, where away? heave to, and make all sail back again, if you do n’t want to be sunk and buried in the mud of the marsh.” “I is name Cæsar Cameron, Massa Merrywedder,” said the black, without apparently noticing any thing but the undignified misnomer of the other. “Know me too, do you? well, now, that ’s good. But I say, my lad, you must come about on the other leg, notwithstanding.” “But I is come so far for have palaver with Massa Merrywedder. I no go on, nor I no go back, till such time palaver done.” “Well, well, old fellow, pay out your small talk; what do you want?” said the master of the *Corazon del Fuego*, apparently somewhat interested by the earnestness of the negro. “I is slave of young Mississ Ady Cameron.” “Then you’ll soon be slave of Hammond of Ignatius, I take it, who is going to be fool enough to have her in tow for life.” “You tink he fool den, for marry young mississ?” said Cæsar, opening his eyes wide with pleasure; “I tink he damn fool.” “You do? well now that ’s high. What right have you to think about it, old bow legs? the thing ’s settled, and there ’s an end of it. He and I have

parted company for ever. I could n't do less than obey him to the last; and he has ordered me to cruise in waters, where the sight of the Corazon del Fuego may bring up no recollections of the past, to disturb his bosom, when it should be occupied only by his bride. Yes, those were his very words. I logged them well here at the time," said Merryweather, laying his broad hard hand on his breast, and gulping down the emotion which almost suffocated him. "Old man, I shall come to your fair waters no more; and it's a pretty spot too," he continued, looking round to where an opening in the woods afforded a glimpse of the great bay in the distance; "too pretty to leave for ever without a twinge; but before the turn of another tide, Hammond will have his bride in his arms, and I must be away to the ocean. Hammond, I say, will have left his calling for a woman."

"Him never can," said Cæsar, solemnly.

Merryweather started when the old man spoke, and sprung at him. "Ha, dog, have I found out the listener of the other night?" he almost shouted, as he recognized the voice and words which had interrupted the conference, in the cabin of the schooner. "You overheard us, scoundrel, did you? I have thought some one might have been in the folds of the mainsail." "I is hear no wud that I not know long a time

afore," answered Cæsar, loosening the grasp of the other with a strength that the sailor was astonished to meet with, in one so old. "I is know Ham of 'Nace long time more nor you, Massa Merrywedder; all about him, from time he pickyninny, very little. He more bad than old Nick heself. S'pose you stop he wedding, Massa Merrywedder, you do it, would you?" "The thing 's impossible," said the other, after a moment's thought; "though I wish I could, man. He told me the old lady insisted upon the release of some mortgage or other before the wedding, and I went for the squires for him to sign it before, and when it was done he told me heaven nor earth could now move him from his purpose." "S'pose you pick him up, lock him in de cabin, and go away in the craft, for come back no more." "Pick him up?" shouted Merryweather, in a roar of laughter, "s'pose I pick him up? well, now, that 's a good one. No, no, my old crony; I drop down with the tide to my old anchorage, and when the night sets in, and the moon rises to show me my way out, I try a run for it by the frigate; and if I a'n't crippled in my spars, we will have seen each other for the last time. S'pose I pick up Hammond of Ignatius! well, that 's a good one, ha, ha," and the sailor hurried on the path and vanished in the thicket. Cæsar looked after

him for a moment. "He better man than Ham of 'Nace. Well, s'pose it must be ater all " and, so saying, he turned his steps towards the village, with a heart deprived of the hope that had cheered him when he left it. Before he reached Mrs. Cameron's house, however, new ideas suggested themselves, and their results bring us rapidly to the conclusion of our narrative.

Time wore away, and in one short hour Adelaide was to become a wife. Assisted by one of her female friends, and under the superintendence of her mother, Adelaide arrayed herself for the occasion. The rich lace, whose fineness surpassed the texture of the spider's fairy fabric; the pearls which had been the admiration of the proud dames of other lands; all, in fine, that wealth and art could furnish, lent their aid to adorn the young and beauteous girl. But her heart was not in concert with the feelings of those around her; and with far more depression than was natural, even to her situation, with a listlessness amounting almost to apathy, she saw herself decked out in the splendid habiliments of a bride.

"Cheer up, my darling child," whispered her mother, as she placed the last ornament amid the dark and glossy ringlets of Adelaide's hair; "cheer up; in one short hour my authority will have passed into other

hands; and let not the last moments I enjoy it be saddened by these dull looks. See," she continued, taking the light and holding it so as to cause a brilliant reflection of her daughter's figure and costume in the large mirror before which she stood, "have I not played the firewoman's part truly, dearest!" "Mother," answered Adelaide, taking from her hair a white rose which she seemed to perceive for the first time, "do you recollect our conversation in the drawing room, long since; when you would have placed such a flower above my brows? Did I not say it was like decking a victim for the sacrifice? Take it away, mother, if you would have me forget that I am the victim even now. That flower is ominous; take it away. Are there none others left? I would not be married in them," and she shuddered as she spoke; "I would not have such omens about me at such a time." "Love, thou art melancholy and wayward. Thy young heart trembles even at its coming happiness," said Mrs. Cameron, her gay and cheerful tone unaltered by the sad despondency of her daughter; and then, in a whisper that could not be heard by the other persons in the room, and which sounded almost fiercely from a woman's lips, she added, "Foolish girl! have you no pride? cease this whining, if you would not lower yourself in the eyes of all around

you. No matter what you feel, cannot you hide it? Do you not hear the bridal party at the door of the hall? A few moments, and all will be well." Adelaide started as if her mother's words had been her death warrant, and would have replied, but that a noise and tumult rose in the street before the house, which drowned even the voices of those within. Mrs. Cameron hurried to the window, leaving her daughter still standing before the mirror, and pale as marble, looking as if death had struck her in her bridal pomp and splendour. The scene in the street was one of wild confusion; and it was some moments before Mrs. Cameron could make out its meaning. The moon shone brightly, at times, when not obscured by the light clouds which a strong north-wester drove along the sky, and a faint remnant of day yet lingered on the very verge of the horizon; yet lamps, candles, and torches glared in the street, as they were borne by those whom some cause of excitement seemed to have collected together, in angry and fierce altercation. The most conspicuous persons in the fray, for it was no less, were Hammond of Ignatius, with a few friends, splendidly dressed for the occasion, in the complicated costume of the time; and the officers of the frigate in the roads. Old Cæsar was inveterately busy in the midst; and a crowd of the villagers

thronged on the edge of the circle, within which blows might be momentarily expected. 'Pirate,' 'robber,' 'smuggler,' 'buccancer,' and the name of Hammond were in ominous juxtaposition; and bold and lofty asseverations of innocence, in the voice of the accused, rose high even above the tumult. At last an officer approached, who ordered the arrest of Hammond, in the name of the king, as a pirate and a robber. A fierce struggle now took place; weapons were drawn; and the stroke of steel upon steel ascended even to the bridal chamber. A loud shout of 'He is gone,' suddenly, however, announced the escape of Hammond, and in a moment all was still. Save the females around Adelaide, the house was entirely deserted, and in pursuit of him too, who, but a few short moments before, was the proud and fearful bridegroom on his way to claim his betrothed. To describe the feelings of Mrs. Cameron would be beyond our power; and, tasked beyond her strength by the powerful excitement she had undergone, Adelaide could scarcely comprehend the meaning of her friends' agitated explanations. Some time must have elapsed in this manner, when a rapid step was heard on the stair-way. The next moment Merryweather, armed to the very teeth, burst into the apartment.

“Nay, start not,” he said, as the terrified females clung together at his entrance, “my dress does not become a wedding feast, nor is my presence agreeable in a bridal chamber. But, ladies, my business is with the bride; and I bring a message from him who was to have been the groom. Hammond of Ignatius, Mistress Adelaide Cameron, is now safe; but to remain so, he must leave the provinces for ever. He would have made you his wife, and have forgotten the past, but others would not forget it too. He has been discovered to have made more free with the king’s property and the like, on the world’s highway, than the law allows. I have seen him, and he has sent me here to say that you are free; and that the property which he held is released, I think he called it, by this scrap of parchment, and the clerkship upon it. The property, he bid me say, cost him nothing to gain, and it is just he should restore it.” The noise of voices in the hall below startled the mariner and checked his further speech. He took the passive hand of Adelaide, and, after placing the deed within it, pressed it respectfully to his lips, and then throwing up a window, let himself drop into the garden beneath.

Within a half hour after the disappearance of Merryweather, the *Corazon del Fuego* was seen with every

sail set, and the wind upon her quarter, shooting down the river, past the village, on her course to the bay : now luffing, now bearing off, but still with equal velocity, in the tortuous channel. The frigate lay moored in the roads, distinctly visible in the moonlight ; and the schooner was rapidly approaching her, unchecked by the single shot that followed the order to lie to, and which bounded harmlessly on the water. Suddenly the king's ship became enveloped in a dense white smoke ; and then the report of a broadside came across the estuary. The little vessel, however, held on unhurt ; and, before the fire could be repeated, had taken advantage of her light draught of water to cross the flats, and change her course to the southward. Another volume of smoke rolled from the frigate, as the second broadside was poured upon the schooner's track, but it was as fruitless as the first ; and the *Corazon del Fuego* was soon lost to sight, in the dim and misty horizon towards the ocean.

Few words need be added to explain the catastrophe of our history. Cæsar had informed one of the officers of the frigate, who visited at Mrs. Cameron's, of the conversation he had overheard in the cabin of the schooner, and had repeated all that passed there between Hammond and Merryweather, in the hope, the old negro scarce knew how, that it might prevent

the dreaded marriage. This led to a search of Hammond's house, after he had left it for the wedding ; and the discovery of the box marked Santa Josepha B., known by the officer to have belonged to a vessel of the name which had been robbed in the river Guyaquil during the frigate's cruise, fixed suspicion so strongly upon Hammond of Ignatius as to require his apprehension. The rest has been told.

Mrs. Cameron had learned a lesson which she never could forget ; and we have every reason to believe, that both her daughter and herself profited by the occurrences we have related. Happiness was yet in store for the former. In time she was united to the object of her first choice ; and in the churchyard of the village is still to be seen the tombstone, ' To the memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Cameron, erected by her children Adelaide and Francis Russell.' Of Hammond of Ignatius, and Merryweather, history contains no further record.

THE LOVE LETTER.

THE full orb'd moon

In regal splendour proudly track'd the sky ;
And the fair laughing flowers of early June
Slept, fann'd by Zephyr as he floated by ;
The night was hush'd, but beautifully clear,
As though enchantment late had wander'd there
And left her charm unbroken ; so profound
The deep tranquillity that reign'd around.

Close to an open casement which o'erhung
This quiet scene, there pensively sat one,
Who gazed not on the loveliness thus flung
Over the earth beneath ; but sad and lone
Held converse with her soul.

She was not fair ;
Beauty had set no impress on her brow,

Nor genius shed his heaven-caught lustre there ;
Yet one there was who loved her, and whose vow
Was met with all that tenderness which dwells
Only in woman's heart ; those fancy-spells
That poets dream of.

Now within her hand
She clasp'd a letter ; every line was scann'd
By the pure moonbeams round her brightly thrown ;
She murmur'd half aloud, in love's own tone,
His last and dearest words : her warm tears fell
Upon that line, and dimm'd the name she loved so
well !

' Cease not to think of me,' yet once again
She read ; then answer'd in this heartfelt strain :

I could not hush that constant theme
Of hope and reverie ;
For every day and nightly dream
Whose lights across my dark brain gleam,
Is fill'd with thee.

I could not bid those visions spring
Less frequently ;

For each wild phantom which they bring,
Moving along on fancy's wing,
But pictures thee.

I could not stem the vital source
Of thought, or be
Compell'd to check its whelming force,
As ever in its onward course
It tells of thee.

I could not, dearest ! thus control
My destiny,
Which bids each new sensation roll,
Pure from its fountain in my soul,
To life and thee.

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

DOES thine eye, lady, rest on the picture of sadness?
Does the tear tremble there, which never failed to
flow at one scene of human sorrow? Does thy gentle
heart throb for those who linger over the tomb, which
contains the cold, the inanimate clay that was lately
warm with the glowing vitality of a mother's love?
And does hope, or belief kinder than hope, tell thee
that the spirit, now fled from that cold clay, wanders
in etherial purity over the gentle beings whom it
lately loved, with a human but scarcely more earthly
love?

Oh lady, well do I know the gushings of thy
heart. How often, amid the vanity and splendour
of the world, have I seen thy soft eye kindle with a
lustre that splendour never brought there? How
often has thy heart heaved with thoughts of hopes,
of pleasures, of joys, far, far away? Thou mayest



Painted by A. Scheffer.

Engraved by J. B. Neagle.

THE WIDOWED MOTHER'S CLASH.

never look on this fleeting page ; thou mayest never recal the memory of hours, now with those uncounted, which have been withered by the blighting hand of time that has passed ; but not so will fade the recollection, with those who have seen thee, of thy gentle spirit, thy beauty, thy purity and thy truth. It has indeed been thine to dwell among the gay tribe that flutter in the sunshine of life ; it has been thine to receive the homage which the world loves to offer to those whom it has enshrined. But though among them, thou wast not of them ; purer and loftier were the objects that occupied thy thoughts, and all a woman's tenderness and goodness were for ever freshly springing up in the deep recesses of thy heart. How often have I listened to the music that flowed from thy lips ! How often by thy side, wandering in the stillness of the summer evening, has the voice of charity, of benevolence, of all pervading love, fallen on my ear, more softly than the softest breezes that died among the scarcely moving groves around us ! How often has the tranquillity of the heavens seemed yet more tranquil, and the lustre of the stars more surely the beacons of undiscovered worlds !

Oh lady, whithersoever may be thy wanderings, whatever may be to others the accidents of life, whatever storms may gather up their dark clouds to

hang around the future, thine be it to enjoy, for long, long years, skies as unclouded as ever gladdened thy heart with their summer serenity, and to find yet in store, worlds more pure than fancy has ever sought to fashion in the brightest and loveliest of the stars.

SANDUSKY.

BY SAMUEL J. BAYARD.

THEIR blandishments shall drag me back no more
To join the sordid current of the crowd ;
Here in these solemn woods, where man is proud
Alone of freedom, is my home. The roar
Of the rude world is only echoed here,
And those who will commune in nature's ear,
By thy sweet flow, Sandusky, in the shade
Those leafy tresses on thy bosom spread,
May rest and refuge find. Along thy shore,
Clear stream, the dissonance of human strife
Comes not: yet are thy glades with music rife ;
The rustling boughs, the headlong water's pour,
The voice of birds, are sounds which soothe before
The tinkling harp or revelry of life.

A TALE OF RONCESVALLES.

I have seen the strong man die,
And the stripling meet his fate,
Where the mountain winds go sounding by,
In the Roncesvalles strait.

SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

It is not in the future only that the imagination delights to revel. Its airy dreams are frequently interwoven with the misty events of by-gone ages, which, by magic power, are again called into existence, and endued with new attributes of beauty, pomp, or sublimity. It is true these fanciful retrospections are unblended with the visions of hope, or unlit by her joyous anticipations, yet still the interest excited or feeling awakened, is neither the less deep nor intense. There are scenes among which the imagination loves to linger like the mountain mist around the mossy cliff, and lends to their dim features

a charm far more attractive than the hues of sober reality. Romance, with her thousand illusions, adds a rich colouring to the fabled incident, veiling it in mysterious, yet not unpleasing uncertainty. These reflections were elicited by a recurrence to the circumstances connected with the vale of Roncesvalles—a name which bursts upon the heart like the swelling trumpet-sound, and is associated with all that is lofty or noble or chivalric. Its renown has been the theme of the lowly ballad, and the proud strains of the minstrel-song; it has given inspiration to the poet, and has found a 'local habitation' in the pages of the stern historian. It kindles the fancy of youth; it warms the sleepy faculties of age, as its earliest and most thrilling recollection; and is consecrated in the bosom of scholar and soldier, as a field of classic romance, or of high and bold achievement. And yet the foundation upon which such a gorgeous superstructure has been erected, is plain and unadorned; the destruction of the rear-guard of Charlemagne, as it returned from a distant and successful inroad among the Spanish territories. It was there the illustrious Paladin Orlando perished. The obscurity in which the transaction is enveloped, has been the source of many conjectures, and lends to the name of Roncesvalles its deep romantic attraction. Whether they,

by whom the daring deed was achieved fought under kindred banners with the vanquished ; or whether it was the triumph of the crescent over the cross, or the sudden and fiery vengeance of the stern mountaineer, has never been satisfactorily ascertained. Writers have formed different and discordant conjectures respecting the event, while bright-eyed fancy has invested it with her glowing but unreal imagery. In the following narrative the last hypothesis is adopted as being, in the main, the most probable, and better adapted to the display of national enthusiasm and the delineation of high and lofty qualities.

It was with tokens of pride and exultation that the best array of the chivalry of France entered, towards the close of its homeward march, the broad vale of Roncesvalles. The dim sun-ray of a mild autumnal morning seemed to acquire fresh lustre as it sported around the gaudy plume of the polished casque, or was flung back from the long lance, shield and blade. The charger's tramp was noiseless on the thick verdant turf, and but for the out-burst of the free joyous spirit, the glad trumpet note, or the occasional clang of jarring armour, the passage of the band would have been accompanied by a death-like silence. The hoarse scream of the eagle was unheard ; the still misty air conveyed not the hum of the distant cata-

ract; and the transparent streamlet, as it meandered through tufts of long grass, was unmarked by the gentlest murmur. But the warrior throng needed not the aid derived from the contemplations of nature to warm their bosoms with those high emotions, which the human heart loves to cherish. Pennon and banner had waved freely in the breezes of Spain, as the soldiers of Charlemagne pursued their martial path through its fair provinces, with the same freedom from molestation, by Saracen or Christian, which would attend their progress over the fields of their own country. The fame and reputation of the plumed invaders was thrown around them as a charmed shield, and kept far aloof every hostile arm. The sparkling eye denoted, when about to recross the last mountain barrier that divided them from the plains of France, their joyous anticipations; and their haughty bearing showed all the triumph and self confidence which men feel, when they move over the face of the earth as conquerors. In the leader of the expedition, the Paladin Orlando, the boast of the French chivalry, the emotions which pervaded the breasts of his chieftains were mingled with others of a different nature, but equal intensity. His glance rested not on cliff or rock that crowned the summit of the lofty eminences which enclosed the valley; the hero was buried in

deep reflection, as if he, who, in time of peril, trusted to nought but his strong arm for deliverance, would, in the hour of peaceful security, invoke nothing for amusement or occupation save the resources of an active and powerful mind. Upon this occasion, however, the subject of his meditations appeared not to partake of a cheerful or lively character, for a scowl of dissatisfaction would cloud his lofty brow, and his eye kindle like the coruscations of the sun-lit ocean, when the first sweep of the awakening breeze ruffles its tranquil surface. The moody silence of their champion was undisturbed by question or observation from the knights his immediate companions, who, accustomed to similar abstractions, suffered it not to impair the high tones of their feelings, or interrupt their free joyous discourse. "By the cross," he exclaimed suddenly, in a deep voice, "if my royal relative wishes to employ the sword of Orlando, it must be in a more honourable service than the present. There are outlaws and marauders in France, to whom plunder and booty are more acceptable than fame or glory. In the whole course of our expedition," the Paladin continued, "we have seen no battle-field, and my lance is as bright and stainless as the chain of gold that encircles the neck of beauty. A palmer's staff, by St. Dennis, would have been as

useful. Ho, Eustace," impatiently calling to one of his squires, "let me have the curious bauble, which, it bethinks me, fell to my lot on the division of the spoil, some three days since. It would," he said in a lower tone, as he surveyed the glittering ornament which was almost instantly placed in his hands, "well become the dark hair of the beauteous Adelaide; but were she to ask in what victory it was won, by my faith, I should be speechless. It shall rather moulder among the grass of this fair vale," he added, as he cast the gemmed trinket, worth the ransom of a count, far beyond the line of array. "Does the noble Orlando," demanded Henry of Tours, "regret that the renown of his illustrious deeds has been so pre-eminently exalted, that his presence alone is sufficient to cause the enemies of Charlemagne to shrink in dismay from his path? To my poor comprehension, it were matter of exultation rather than dejection, that in such an extended incursion, no standards, save those of France, fluttered in the perfumed gale, and its war-cry was alone heard in the fruitful valley, or on the craggy precipice. If any," he continued with animation, "have cause to murmur, they are your knights and warriors, who, but for the terror of their chieftain's name which has accompanied the march, would have

had frequent opportunities of spurring the war-steed against the foe."

During this speech, the impatience of the high minded Paladin, which so chafed his spirit, had almost subsided, and, when it was ended, he replied calmly, and with frankness: "The mortifying and debasing reflection, that in this long and toilsome campaign, I have acquired no new wreath of fame, but have returned loaded with plunder like the captain of a band of marauders, may have made me somewhat unreasonable. And yet, granting all you have urged with respect to the high estimation in which we are held, it is strange that our passage through the country, with such hostile intentions, should have been so peaceful and unmolested. I have heard," he added, "of the mountain chieftains of former days; and the prowess of the Gothic champion Pelayo is still the theme of the minstrel. By St. Dennis it would seem that the hardihood and bold daring of Spain have been buried with her hero." "Some of the nations," observed Bertrand de Borne, "spoke of a knight of Leon, which lies many leagues to the west, as second only to him you have just alluded to." "How named they the knight?" demanded Orlando, with some eagerness. "Bernardo del Carpio." "Our next

incursion," observed the Paladin, "shall lead us through Leon," and he again relapsed into silence.

It was now noon, and the band halted to partake of the refreshment which the continued march since the dawn rendered necessary. This was soon completed, and the order to 'set on' had been given, when a knight from the rear spurred hastily to the front, and craved permission, ere the route was renewed, for a few moments speech with the leader of the expedition. It was accorded, more by the expression of Orlando's countenance than any outward sign; while the nobles and chieftains reined in their coursers, and crowded around, anxious to learn the cause of the strange interruption. "There is something within my breast," said a youthful knight, "which, all the morning, I have in vain endeavoured to eradicate, that forebodes danger and disaster. I would lead," he continued, "my twenty lances forward as an advanced guard, until we pass beyond the rocky defile at the northern termination of the valley." "In what college of the haruspices has your knightship taken your degrees," demanded Robert of Thoulouse, "that enable you to make such a wonderful discovery." "The hum of the array," said another cavalier, gaily, "little suits the musing disposition of St. Mar: the silence and solitude of the narrow strait

will be more congenial to his meditations on the fair Ermengarde." "We must," exclaimed another, in the same tone, "make due report of his fidelity, and avouch him the truest hearted knight in the host." "We have sought for an enemy," gravely remarked the Lord of Provence, "in the populous districts of Spain, but neither sword nor scimeter was raised against us; and shall we find a foe in a remote and secluded region in the heart of the Pyrenees? You spoke even now of forebodings of peril and calamity: may we inquire from what source they derive their existence?" "From nature," was the reply of the unabashed St. Mar, "nature, who oftentimes sends her warnings, silent indeed, but not to be mistaken or disregarded. The live-long morning," he pursued, "I have watched the mist that veils the steep sides of the hills on our right and left; the thin cloud careers swiftly over the face of the heavens, yet the light haze is as motionless as if it were adamant, and the noon-tide sun that streams full on the dim wreath, would as soon dissipate the heaving ocean-wave. Above us," added the young chieftain, "I have seen, for the first time since we set foot on the soil of Spain, the dark forms of the ravening vultures; by my faith, they seem to hover over this shadowy vale, as the appointed place for their evening banquet."

"Is it strange or portentous," exclaimed several voices at once, "that the damp vapour clings to the mountain, or that the birds of slaughter follow the path of the peers and warriors of Charlemagne?" "You shall, yourself," said the Paladin, divesting himself of the silence and indifference he had hitherto maintained, "dispel your omens; wind me a note," he continued, "upon my horn," as he unloosed the famed instrument that hung suspended by a golden chain from his neck, "and the mist which has attracted your attention shall melt into nothing." St. Mar attempted to obey, but, with his utmost efforts, the sounds emitted were faint, dull and unequal. "Nay," said Orlando, as he took back the horn, "but little force or skill is required to fill it;" and applying it carelessly to his lips, blew a deep shrill blast. In a moment the whole region seemed animated; a thousand echoes were returned, and an interval of some duration elapsed, ere the long heavy reverberation from the far-off cliff and cavern ceased. The vapour, that had so tenaciously enveloped the inaccessible height in its dripping mantle, suddenly became agitated as if stirred by the north wind, and uprose swiftly and majestically; while the troop of vultures, startled by the fierce but well known sound, almost threw themselves upon the dense forest of lances,

and swept, in rapid circles, around the valley. A murmur of applause pervaded the helmed throng, and the Paladin, replacing the bugle, observed to St. Mar, "A breath can dissipate your portents. I would as soon think of taking precaution against surprise or danger, in the palace of Charlemagne, as in this desolate spot. Were it possible," he pursued, "that a force could be assembled, bold enough to couch lance against our invincible host, and were every blade of grass a foeman set in array against us, they would disappear even sooner than the light mist-wreath, or the flight of the hungry carrion-bird. Look," continued the haughty chieftain, "at the upraised hoof of the charger of Bertrand de Borne, and behold the purple flower peering above the green turf; where is now," he added, after a moment's pause, "its bright hue, or perfume, or tender stem? even so would they, whose audacity might lead them to an encounter with the first chivalry in the world, be crushed and trampled upon." The countenance of St. Mar, in the meanwhile, indicated that what had been said or done made no impression, but it bore the same marks of calm resolution, as when he first addressed the princely leader; and he again urged a compliance with his request. "You may call it," he said, "phantasy, or caprice, or delusion; but, provided I have your permission to set

forward, it matters not." "You are right welcome, sir knight, to ride where you please," said Orlando: and added, with a smile, "bring intelligence of a lurking foe, be they base peasants or ignoble shepherds, and I will make you my standard-bearer." The plume of the knight was mingled with the white mane of his war-steed, as he made his obeisance, and the next moment his small but well appointed train dashed rapidly towards the distant defile. The stately array moved more slowly, but with the same reckless security, and the same demonstration of over-weening confidence, as when it first entered the fated vale. The helmed warriors held discourse respecting the daring exploit of some former day, or listened to the inspiring strains of the minstrel, while each vassal and retainer spoke with animation, as he thought of the immense booty so easily acquired, and of the high stake and midnight revel when the sullen December wind should moan drearily around his lord's fortress. By this time the shadow of the lofty precipice had encroached far upon the plain beneath, and denoted the gradual but certain decline of day. The mist, whose dispersion was but temporary, seemed to acquire a tenfold density as it hung over the martial host. St. Mar had long since disappeared among the rocky crags which lined the narrow and winding

strait that formed the northern outlet of the valley. The forces of Charlemagne were proceeding in the manner we have mentioned, when the countenance of Orlando became suddenly lit by an expression of the most vivid interest. He once more seized the gifted horn, as if about to pour forth some warning peal, while they who observed the quick animation and the accompanying motion, were held mute by their amazement. "By the soul of Clovis," exclaimed the impetuous chieftain, "it seemed even now that the passing sound of the battle-shock rang faintly in my ears. Thou hast quick perceptions, Bertrand de Borne," he added, "heardst thou aught like the sound of the clashing blade, when it is softened by distance and the intervening south breeze?" "By my faith," answered the knight appealed to, "the strains of the minstrel Amand, as they vividly spoke of the stricken field, claimed all my attention and rendered me dull to external impressions." "But from whence could the battle-voice proceed? It might chance," said the Paladin, as if willing to account for his unusual and sudden agitation, "that in my reverie I mistook the emotions created by the minstrel's skill, as proceeding from and connected with some real event; but we will let it pass." They had now approached near the northern termination of

the valley. The bosom of chieftain and vassal thrilled with sudden hope and expectation as they beheld a horseman emerging from the defile and darting furiously towards them. He was soon recognized as one of the advance guard, and the blood that streamed from steed and rider told plainly that the sounds which so recently had pressed themselves upon the leader of the host were neither unreal nor visionary. "St. Mar is down, and the mountaineers are upon us," were the only words of the soldier ere he fell lifeless to the earth. The immediate appearance of the ambushed foe confirmed his intelligence, and in a few minutes their dark masses entirely overspread the level space in front. They bore no banner, nor did trumpet or battle-shout animate their swift march, which every moment brought them nearer the glittering ranks of their enemies. "The peasants have neither standard nor war-cry," contemptuously observed Henry of Tours, as he marshalled his retainers. "The trumpet blast," answered Orlando, "that would awaken a knight from the deep sleep of the grave, would not stir their churl's blood. Scatter me these knaves," he added, addressing the count, "for they are unworthy my lance, and see what has become of St. Mar." The chieftain readily obeyed; and forming his men at arms in two ranks, sounded the charge

word. The impetuosity and high daring of the assailants bore down all resistance, pennon and plume waved amid the centre of the mountain host, and the bursting shout of triumph swelled the bosoms of their companions. Onwards the warriors of Charlemagne pressed, holding an almost unimpeded course, until they had entered the dark strait, and were hid in its narrow windings. It was then a fearful turmoil rose from the devoted spot, that, even to the stern chivalry of France, conveyed tokens of a sharp and desperate encounter. It endured but a brief space, and instead of the Lord of Tours returning victorious, the bands of the mountaineers were seen emerging from the defile, sweeping in close and compact order towards their adversaries. "By the cross," hastily exclaimed the Paladin, "the lance of Orlando must tame these rascals and redeem our honour; we must to the strife in earnest." As he said this the gifted horn pealed a note of alarm and defiance of such tremendous energy, that the very hills seemed to start from their firm foundations. While it yet sounded, the word to advance was given, and the glittering squadrons, whose war-cries bore suitable accompaniment to the echoing blast, rushed eagerly upon the foe. It was against no knightly array that the hero of France led his haughty warriors, yet never in knightly bosom

beat higher or loftier emotions, than pervaded the half-armed ranks of mountain peasants, and urged them, amid the scenes of their childhood and youth, to dispute the path with the choice soldiers of the mighty Charles. One feeling, however, the desire of vengeance upon the oppressors of their country, predominated, as, without waiting to receive the onset, they rushed against their confident opponents. Some minutes passed anxiously away ere the result of the stern meeting could be ascertained. But desperate valour or contempt of death proved unavailing in the fearful conflict. The Spaniards gave way under the determined charge of the peerless Orlando, though neither dismayed nor in disorder. They rallied almost as soon as broken, and again sought the sanguinary assault. This was fiercer, more doubtful and of longer duration than the preceding. The prowess of the Paladin carried him, accompanied by a few equally daring chieftains, in advance of the foremost, in the very throng of his enemies, and, for a time, prevailed against all opposition. But every moment increased the resistance, till large bodies of the mountaineers poured furiously from the heights on either side and completely separated the princely leader from the main body. "By St. Dennis," observed Bertrand de Borne, as he plucked an arrow from the joints of his

harness, "the knaves understand well how to handle the bow; this is the fourth shaft that has left its mark through my armour of proof." "I regard their missiles," said Orlando, drawing his lance from the breast of a youth who lay beneath his charger's feet, "but as the down of the light feather," and again addressed himself to the sharp conflict.

It was evening, and its shades were fast shrouding in gloom and darkness the actors in the stern fray. On a sudden, an indistinct and portentous sound, like the growling of the tempest, heard even above the roar of battle, came swelling up the vale. The doubt and anxiety it occasioned were of brief duration. "Leon to the rescue," uttered in a tone which almost equalled in intensity the famed horn of the Paladin, revealed to the chivalry of France new and more distinguished enemies; while it announced to the warrior-peasant, the arrival of the promised aid to participate in his victory and vengeance. "I will spare thy life," said Orlando to a fallen and wounded foe, "if thou wilt tell me what war-shout is now pealing so loudly in the distance?" "Thy mercy," replied the dying Spaniard, "is unasked and unavailing. Thou heardest the glorious battle-cry of Leon, sounded by one whose lance is as heavy and whose arm is as strong as thy own. We

need no better avenger than Bernardo del Carpio." A smile of exultation lit his pale countenance as he added, "And the horn that has pealed its notes of proud triumph in so many regions of the earth, shall pour forth its last wail of defeat and despair in the dark valley of Roncesvalles." "Thou wilt keep the rascals in check," said the Paladin to Bertrand de Borne, "while I meet this champion. By the cross, I will stop his shouting," and he wheeled like lightning his steed to put his design in execution. To reach the main body, however, was a task of far greater magnitude than the reckless valour of Orlando anticipated. Reanimated by the arrival of their auxiliaries, and conscious that the devoted array was now completely hemmed in, the mountaineers renewed their efforts, and, by furious and repeated charges, not only prevented the advance of their opponents, but even compelled them to recede. In the bold attempt which followed his resolution, the Paladin was flung back upon the remnant of his scattered band, like a huge fragment of wreck upon the stormy ocean beach. In the fourth attempt to hew his way through the formidable mass, he was more successful; but the red hue of his armour, the dripping lance, and failing charger, denoted the violence and force of the opposition. Mounting a fresh horse, the impetuous chieftain, without pausing

to cheer or encourage his countrymen who needed so largely his assistance, dashed rapidly to the rear where the loud tumult announced that the work of death had commenced. It was in a lucky moment that the Paladin arrived, for the men at arms, unable to withstand the whirlwind-like charge of their new assailant, were beginning to waver and to fall back in some confusion upon the centre. One bursting peal designated the approach of the renowned hero, as he couched his red lance and spurred against his knightly antagonist. The chieftain of Leon, who had already unhorsed the Lord of Provence and Robert of Thoulouse, avoided not the challenge, but, raising his war shout, rushed to the encounter. The twilight had long since yielded to the shadows of evening, and the path of the champions lay over the spent steed and his cold rider, and the broken fragments of spear and blade; yet the career was performed as if on listed plain and beneath the blaze of the noon-tide sun. Such was the shock of the meeting and the address of the accomplished warriors, that the lance of either was shivered as if scathed by the forked lightning, and they had need of all their exertion to enable them to maintain their seats. This was the only occasion on which fortune favoured a personal contest between the respective leaders. The confu-

sion and wild rage of the battle increased every moment, and was rendered more appalling by the gloom that enshrouded the fierce combatants. The division of mountaineers, who were headed by Bernardo del Carpio, were unable, since the presence of Orlando had restored confidence to his rear, to improve their first successful impression; nor could all the headlong daring of the French champion, seconded by the valour of his tried soldiers, gain any advantage over the stubborn foe. But the same destiny attended not those who fought near the place where the combat first originated. Most of the nobles and chieftains, after bravely performing their duty, had fallen beneath the vengeance of their adversaries, and their diminished followers yielded, step by step, the ground they gallantly defended. The turmoil from the double strife, at first remote and indistinct, gradually approached until it became blended in one common din. At intervals, from beneath the dark canopy, the horn of the Paladin pealed forth its notes of martial cheer to the brave few who still maintained the hopeless strife, while the swelling war-cries of the mountaineers rang cheerily, as they perceived that their sanguinary toil was almost ended, and the last of their haughty invaders was at bay. Suddenly a death-like stillness succeeded to the roar of battle; a low faint

wail from the once stirring trump, instantly drowned in the bursting shout of victory, told that at Roncesvalles the last fight of the peerless Orlando was fought, and lost.

THE END.

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